FUN-PACKED NEW COMEDY FEATURE STARTS INSIDE!

BUSTER and Giggle

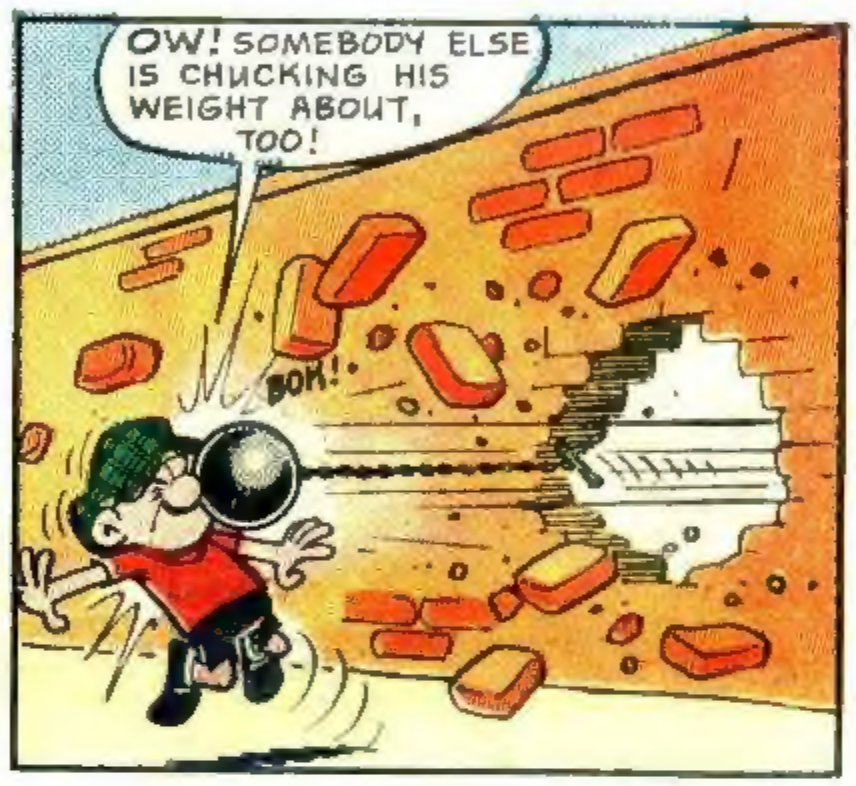
7d

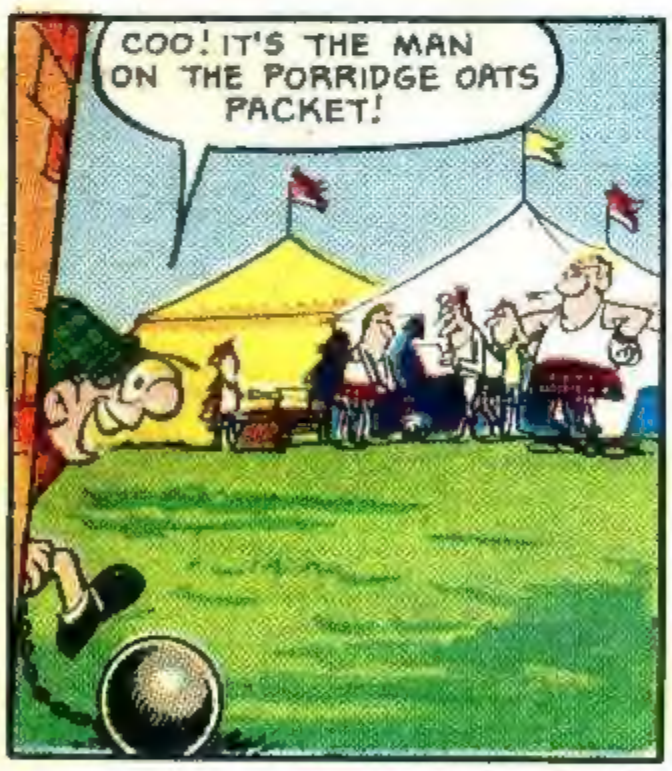
EVERY MONDAY

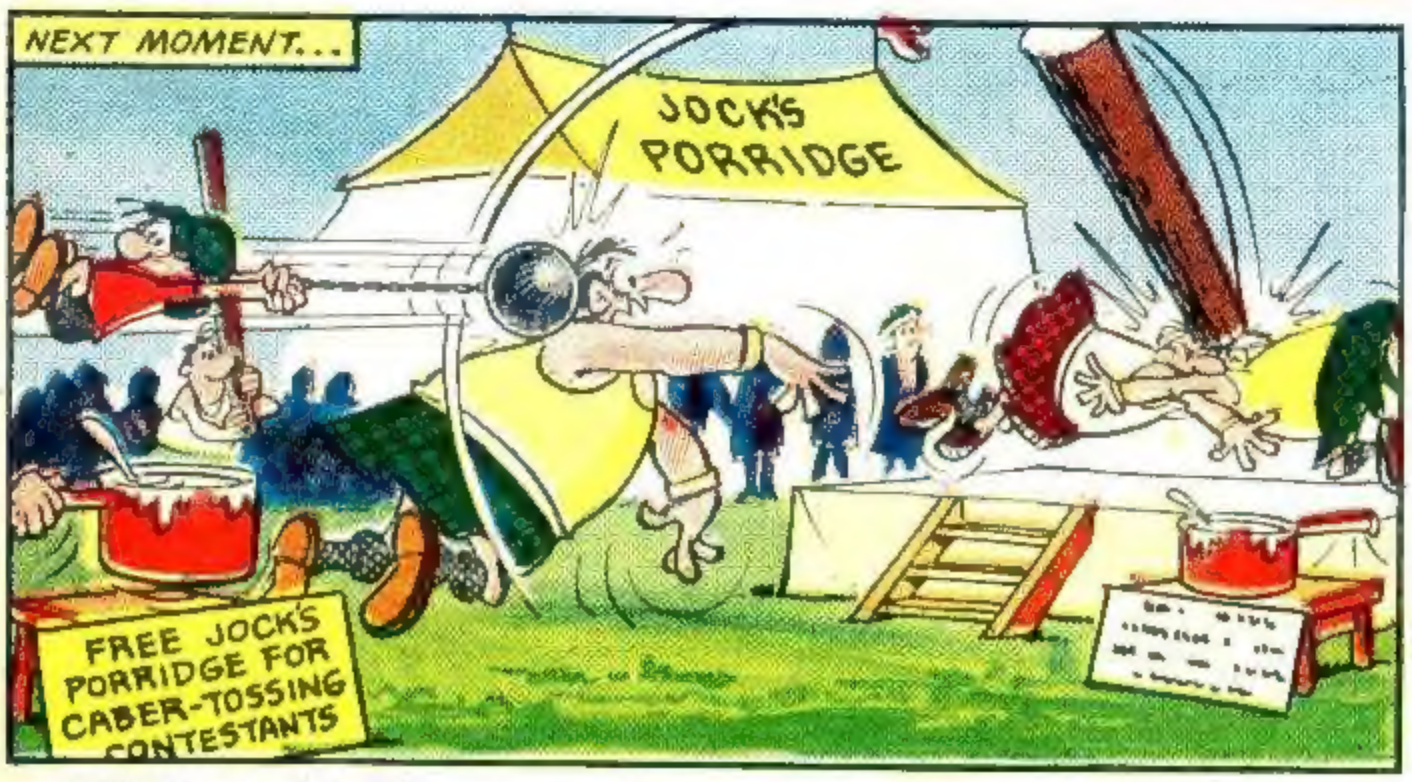
26th APRIL, 1969

Australia 10 cents; New Zealand 10 cents; S. Africa 10 cents; Rhodesia 1/-; E. Africa 1/00 cents; W. Africa 1/-; Malta 9d.; Canada 15 cents; Malaysia 40 cents; Denmark Kr. 1·85; Deutschland Dm. ·55; Espana Pes. 10·0; Nederland Fl. ·70; Norge. Kr. 1·25; Portugal Esc. 5·0; Suomi Fm. ·60; Italia L. 120; Sverige Kr. ·75 inkl. moms.

BUSTER'S DREAM-WORLD







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IN THE WAKE OF THE EXPLOSION, JIM AND DANNY FEARED THE WORST FOR GALAXUS!

GALAXUS

THE THING FROM OUTER SPACE

A space-creature known as Galaxus had been marooned on Earth, and now he was being hunted throughout the world. With Jim and Danny Jones, he was trapped in the Sahara Desert by Tuareg tribesmen who believed the trio to be responsible for attacks by strange jelly-bombs. The missiles were formed naturally, however, and as one appeared, the frightened sheik fired at it . . .

BAROOOM!

BLAAAM!

OH, MY GOSH! H-HE'S IGNITED THE *NITROGLYCERINE!* THE ENTIRE LAKE MUST HAVE GONE UP!

THE MOUNTAIN'S ERUPTING, NOW! RUN, DANNY—*RUN!*

FRANTICALLY, THEY RACED FOR THE SHELTER OF A HUGE BOULDER. BUT...

ROAAAAR!

W-WE'RE *TOO LATE!*

YEEEAAAH!

SECONDS LATER, THE TWO BOYS LAY TRAPPED BENEATH A GIGANTIC MOUND OF DIRT AND RUBBLE...

OH, J-JIM, WE'VE HAD IT! I-I CAN'T *MOVE!*

IT'S GETTING HOTTER, TOO! THE NITRO-JELLY MUST STILL BE ALIGHT, AND SPREADING ACROSS THE DEBRIS!

AT LEAST WE'RE ABLE TO BREATHE, JIM! THINK OF POOR GALAXUS! HE WAS TRAPPED UNDERGROUND NEAR THE LAKE! WHAT DO YOU THINK HAPPENED TO HIM?

HE COULDN'T HAVE STOOD A CHANCE, DANNY! AN EXPLOSION LIKE THAT MUST HAVE FINISHED HIM INSTANTLY!

BUT AT THAT VERY MOMENT, SOME FIFTY YARDS AWAY, A STRANGE CRACKLING NOISE FILLED THE AIR... AND INSTANTLY THE FLAMES FROZE!

SSSSSK

THERE WAS NO MISTAKING THE MIGHTY ROAR . . . THE SPACE-CREATURE HAD SURVIVED!

THEN...

MUUU-AAAAH-OOOH-BRRR!

THE ECHOING CRY REACHED JIM AND DANNY, WHO STARED AT EACH OTHER IN AMAZEMENT...

C-CRIKEY, THAT'S GALAXUS—HE'S ALIVE!

EVERYTHING'S GONE COLD! HE MUST HAVE LOWERED HIS BODY TEMPERATURE TO BELOW FREEZING POINT WHEN THE EXPLOSION TOOK PLACE, AND *HARDENED HIS SKIN* SO MUCH THAT THE BLAST HAD NO EFFECT!

REVERTING TO NORMAL AGAIN, THE GENTLE SPACE-CREATURE ANXIOUSLY BEGAN SEARCHING FOR HIS FRIENDS...

BUUUUU-MAAUUH!

AND THEN, AT LAST...

WAAAAA-HAAAUUUH!

T-THANKS A MILLION, OLD PAL! ARE WE GLAD TO SEE *YOU*!

SUDDENLY DANNY REMEMBERED THE MEN WHO HAD BEEN THEIR CAPTORS...

PERHAPS THE *TUAREGS* SURVIVED, TOO, JIM!

THEN LET'S GET GALAXUS TO SEARCH THE RUBBLE FOR THEM! WE CAN'T JUST LEAVE THEM HERE, NO MATTER HOW HOSTILE THEY WERE TO US!

ONCE AGAIN, GALAXUS BEGAN TO DIG, SCOOPING HEAPS OF DEBRIS UP AND OVER HIS SHOULDER...

FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER HIS EFFORTS WERE REWARDED...

THERE, DANNY—*LOOK!* THE SHEIK AND THREE OF HIS MEN! THEY'RE UNCONSCIOUS, BUT STILL ALIVE!

UUUUU!

CONTINUED OVERLEAF-

ONE BY ONE, THE TUAREGS WERE DUG OUT AND GENTLY LAID SIDE-BY-SIDE ON THE SAND. THEN...

THE SHEIK'S COMING ROUND! I THINK EVERY-ONE'S GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT!

B-BY THE BEARD OF MY GRANDFATHER, WHAT HAPPENED..?

SHEIK AMHADABAR SUDDENLY SAT UP—AND HIS EYES WIDENED IN FEAR...

YAAAAH! THE GREAT BEAST IS UPON US! WE ARE DOOMED!

PLEASE—DON'T PANIC! THERE'S NO NEED TO BE AFRAID... GALAXUS SAVED ALL OUR *LIVES*!

NERVOUSLY, THE ARAB LOOKED AT THE HEAPED PILES OF RUBBLE...

SO IT IS TRUE—THE MONSTER DUG US OUT OF THE LANDSLIDE! BUT THE *FIRE-BOMBS*—WHAT OF THEM?

THE LAKE OF FIRE HAS BEEN DEADENED, SHEIK—SEALED FOREVER BY THE BRAVERY OF OUR FRIEND GALAXUS!

THE SHEIK HESITATED NO LONGER—HE HELD OUT HIS HAND...

IT WOULD SEEM THAT I AND MY PEOPLE HAVE MIS-JUDGED YOU, YOUNG ONE! PLEASE... ACCEPT THIS HANDSHAKE AS A MARK OF NEW RESPECT AND FRIENDSHIP!

GLADLY, SIRE... BUT NOW THAT WE HAVE PROVED OUR INNOCENCE, IT IS TIME THAT WE LEFT THE DESERT!

THEN I WILL GUIDE YOU TO SAFETY! WE SHALL HEAD NORTHWARDS TOWARDS THE *GREAT BLUE SEA*!

OUR TROUBLES ARE OVER, DANNY! CROSSING THE SAHARA WILL BE *EASY* NOW...!

AND SO THEY SET OFF ACROSS THE BARREN TRACKLESS SANDS. TWO DAYS PASSED...

AND THEN, AT LAST...

LOOK YONDER, MY FRIENDS! THERE LIES THE GREAT SEA THAT WASHES THE SHORES OF OUR DESERT LANDS!

THE *MEDITERRANEAN*! ONCE ACROSS THAT, WE'LL BE IN EUROPE AGAIN, DANNY!

YES, BUT REACHING CIVILISATION CAN ONLY MEAN *MORE* TROUBLE FOR POOR GALAXUS, JIM!

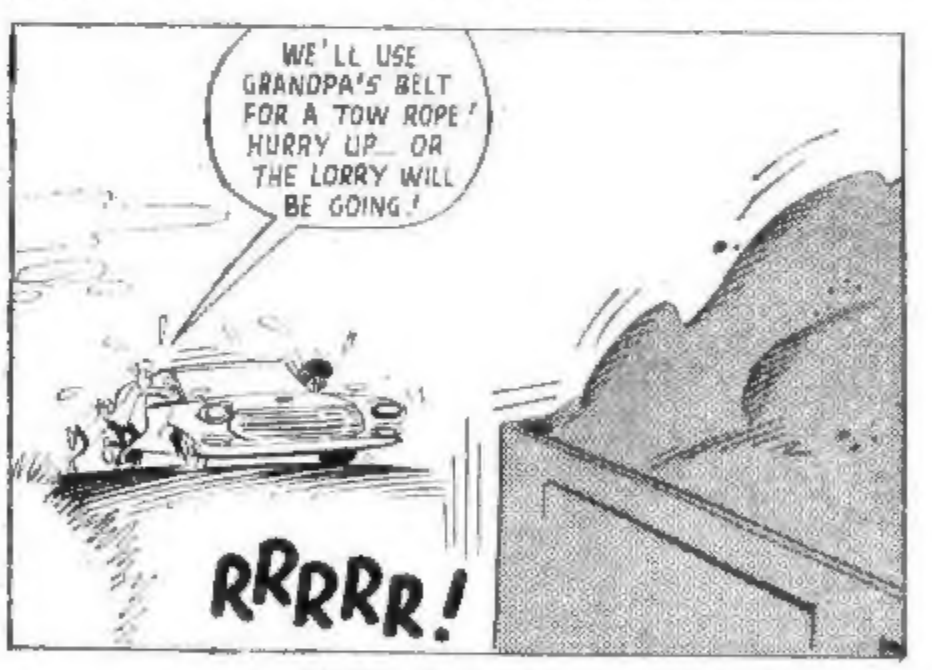
MAYBE NOT... BECAUSE I HAVE AN IDEA IN MIND THAT MIGHT JUST PROVE TO THE WHOLE WORLD, ONCE AND FOR **ALL**, THAT GALAXUS IS **HARMLESS**!

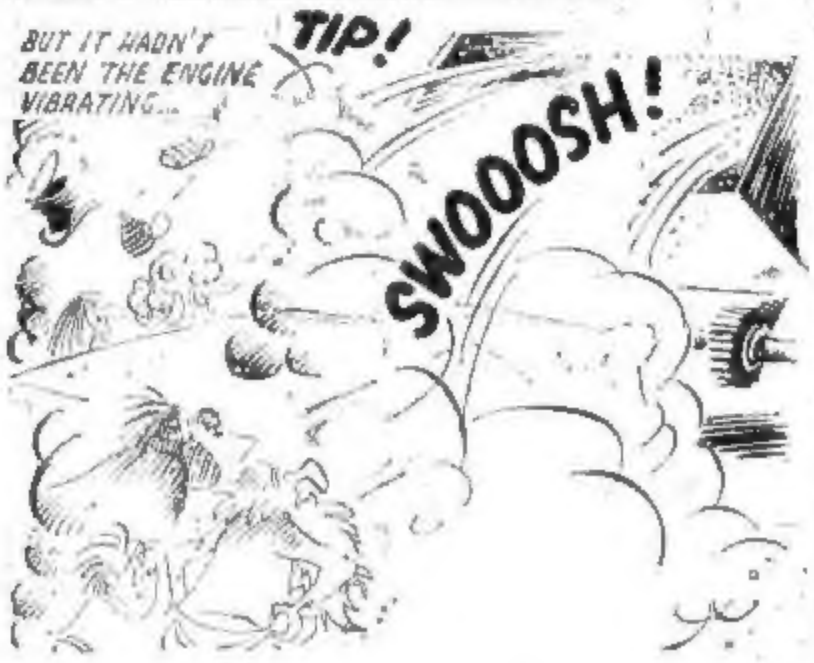
WHAT IS JIM'S PLAN AND CAN IT SOLVE THEIR PROBLEM? SEE NEXT WEEK!

HERE'S NUMBER ONE OF A RIB-TICKLING NEW COMEDY FEATURE! MEET...

THE MISERS

The Meanest Mob in Town!





ANOTHER GENEROUS HELPING OF FUN FROM THE MISERS NEXT MONDAY!

BE ON YOUR GUARD! THIS PAGE IS HAUNTED BY A SPOOKY GUARDSMAN!

RENT-A-GHOST Ltd.

THE GHOST OF ANNE BOLEYN IS SENT FOR NEXT WEEK! IT'LL MAKE HEADLINES!

HI, PALS! WIN A SUPER RADIO!

WOW! What a smashing competition I've got lined up for you this week! And what a SUPER PRIZE! I'm giving away a RADIO SET for the best entry . . . one that will bring in your favourite stations loud and clear! Best of all, it's portable, and that means you can have music, news and sport WHEREVER you go!

Don't miss this chance, chums . . . read below how YOU can try for this really terrific prize!

Your old pal, Buster.

MY ADDRESS:
Buster's Birthday Club,
1-2 Bear Alley,
Farringdon Street,
London E.C.4. (Comp.)

BUSTER'S Birthday CLUB ★★

HOW TO ENTER . . .

IN addition to that super portable radio, there are 20 *Mystery Parcels* for runners-up! So even if you don't win the top prize, it doesn't mean you'll go away empty-handed! Now pay attention, pals; here's how to enter:

In our picture puzzle on the right, you will see six famous sword-fighters from different periods of history, and also the particular sword that each one used. All you have to do is correctly match up the fighters with the swords, and name each fighter. Thus, your first answer would be: **"1 and C = Viking"**—and that's how you must write your answers.

List all six answers neatly, in order, on a postcard, and add your full name, address and date of birth. Next, get an adult to sign the card as your own, unaided work, print **"SWORDS"** in the top left corner of the address side, and post to reach the Club address by **Thursday, 1st May. P.S.** If you've not yet joined the Club, and would like to have a crack at this competition, here's how you can do BOTH—just fill in the free joining form and send it WITH your competition entry, in a sealed, stamped envelope!

Prizes will be awarded for the neatest, correct entries according to age, and the Editor's decision is final!

IS YOUR DATE HERE?

10th September, 1961 22nd June, 1957
7th December, 1960 16th February, 1958
30th August, 1959 29th November, 1962

ALL aboard for the Birth Date Game! If you can see your date of birth among the six listed above, and providing you joined the Club before **Monday, 14th April**, you're in line for a smashing award!

Check again, because it must be the *exact* day, month and year of your birth. If it is, write your name, address and date of birth on a postcard, then add your choice of prize. You may choose from: **Disguise Outfit, Writing Folder, Fountain Pen, Model Vintage Car Kit, Pocket Knife, Jigsaw Puzzle or Painting by Numbers Set.**

All set? Now print **"BIRTH DATE GAME"** in the top left corner of the address side and post to reach the Club address by **Thursday, 1st May.** If you live abroad you have until **18th September.**

Please remember, you are not eligible for a prize in the Birth Date Game if you have had one previously. Dates are sometimes repeated, but this is only for the benefit of newcomers who have recently joined the Club.

FREE JOINING FORM

Dear Buster—I am becoming a regular reader of BUSTER AND GIGGLE. Please make me a member of your Birthday Club. I have not sent in a joining form for the Buster Club before.

MY FULL
Names are .....
MY FULL
Address is .....

.....

.....

I was born on:

DAY OF MONTH *(in figures)*	MONTH	YEAR

The Club Badge

If you want a Club badge, also PRINT your name and address clearly with a ball pen on the return label below, stick 4d. stamp where shown, and enclose **with a 1s. 6d. postal order.**

Name .....

Address .....

.....

.....

Stick 4d. stamp firmly here for return postage

If undelivered please return to
BUSTER'S Birthday Club, 1-2 Bear Alley, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp.)

"JOIN US IN THE CLUB!"

IVAN and **Alan Cooper**, of Bolton, shown on the right, are glad they joined the Club! It means they are "top people!"

To join the **BUSTER CLUB**, just fill in the top form on the left and pop it in the post.

Membership is free and your name goes on the Club Roll immediately we hear from you, but if you'd like the Club Badge, shown on the coupon, please enclose a 1s. 6d. postal order with the form (Overseas readers send International Reply Coupons, NOT postal orders) and also complete the return label below. If you don't want the badge, send the top form only!

35 GREAT BRITAIN FREE!

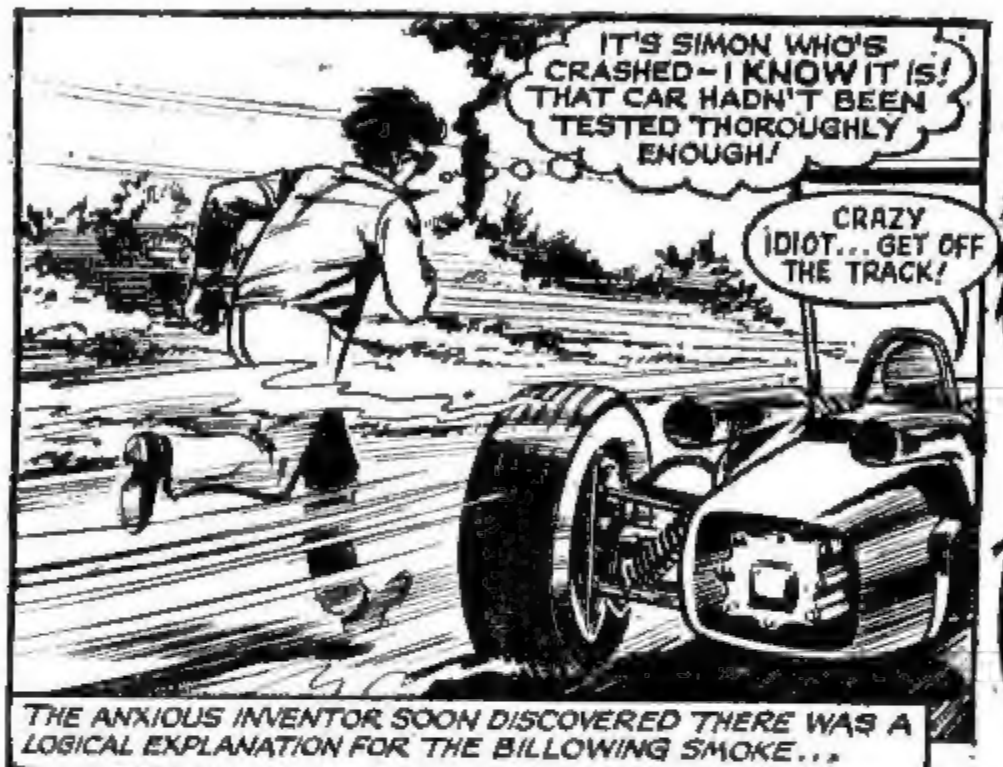
. . . including this magnificent 1953 Coronation. Plus 34 other Great Britain stamps—the collector's most popular country! Absolutely free to all asking to see the **Sterling Square Deal Approvals.** Just send 4d. stamp for postage.
Please tell your parents.

STERLING STAMP SERVICE Dept B&G Lancing Sussex

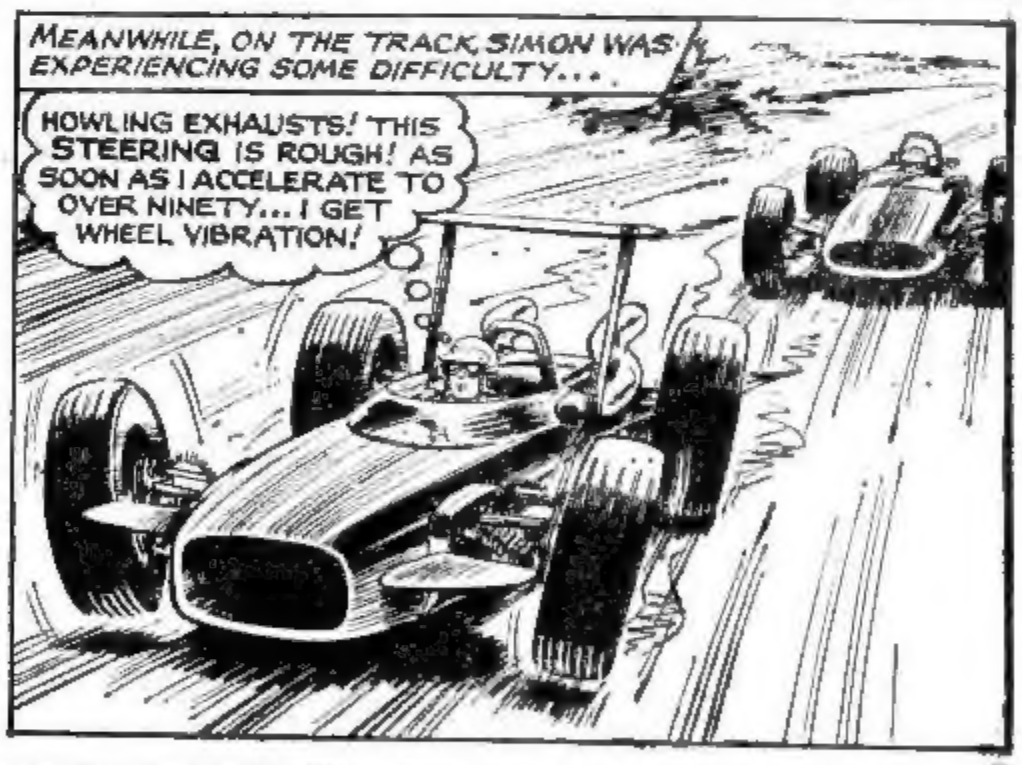
BRAINBOX'S FEARS PROVED GROUNDLESS . . . ALL WAS WELL FOR THE MOMENT!

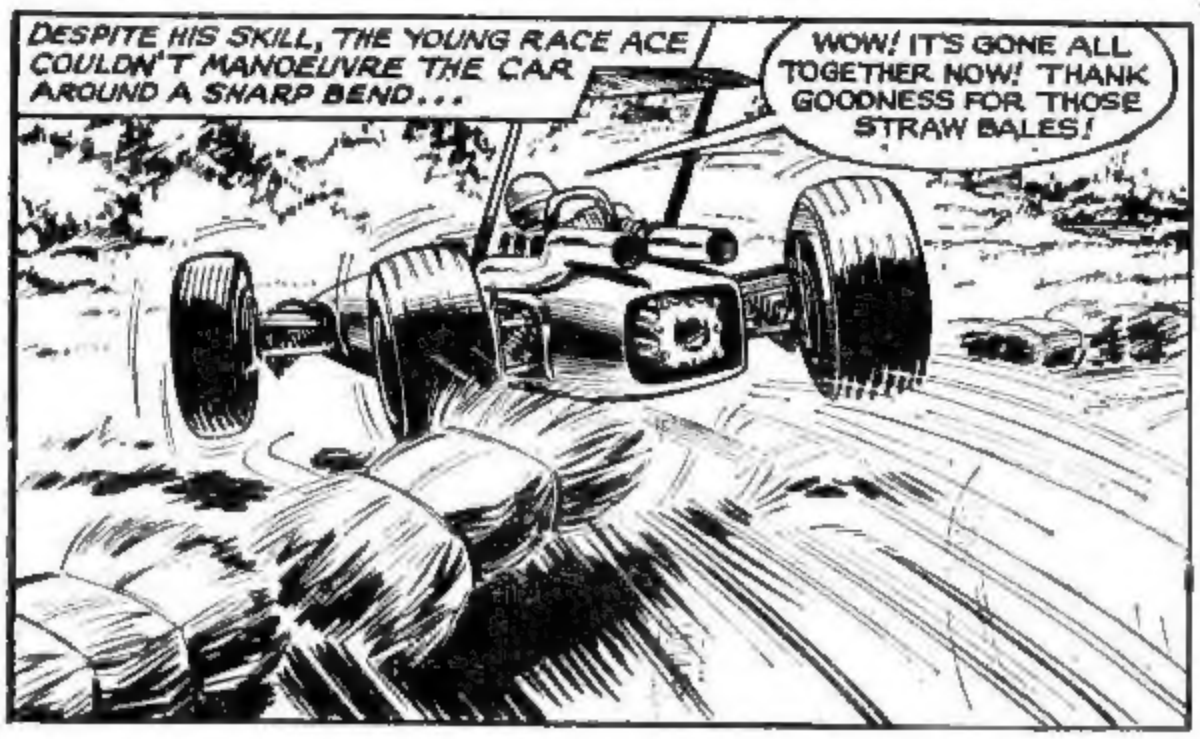
The SKID KIDS

Simon Starr and "Brainbox" Cox were down on their luck. Simon even had to enter a Formula One event with a borrowed experimental car. The race had just got under way when Brainbox was horrified to see a column of smoke arise from farther along the track . . .



THE ANXIOUS INVENTOR SOON DISCOVERED THERE WAS A LOGICAL EXPLANATION FOR THE BILLOWING SMOKE...





IT'S THE TRACK ROD! OBVIOUSLY NOT STRONG ENOUGH ... I MIGHT BE ABLE TO PUT ANOTHER IN. BUT IT'LL TAKE SOME TIME!

WELL, THAT'S ME OUT OF THE RACE, I GUESS!

BRAINBOX WORKED SOLIDLY FOR HALF AN HOUR ...

THERE! I'VE FIXED IT!

THE RACE IS NEARLY OVER... BUT I MIGHT AS WELL GIVE THE CAR A RUN TO TRY OUT YOUR REPAIRS!

AS SIMON PULLED ON TO THE TRACK ...

SIMON STARR IS COMING OUT AGAIN! HE'S HAD TROUBLE WITH THE EXPERIMENTAL CAR, BUT THE LAD'S GAME!

DRIVING FLAT OUT, SIMON PUT IN THREE FAST LAPS BEFORE THE RACE ENDED ...

DAVID LANDER HAS WON...BUT LOOK AT SIMON STARR! HE'S BROKEN THE LAP RECORD...BY ONE WHOLE MINUTE! THAT EXPERIMENTAL CAR REALLY CAN MOTOR!

BUT THAT FACT WAS NO CONSOLATION TO THE SKID KIDS ...

COME ON, BRAINBOX, LET'S GO! THERE'S NO POINT IN US STAYING HERE!

PITS

B-BUT WHERE DO WE GO? I MEAN, WE'VE NO CASH! WE'VE GOT TO SPEND THE NIGHT SOMEWHERE!

THEY DROVE AIMLESSLY IN WORSENING CONDITIONS...

WE CAN'T GO ON LIKE THIS... WE'RE BOTH GETTING SOAKED!

LET'S STOP AT THE FIRST HOUSE WE COME TO! MAYBE WE'LL BE ALLOWED TO SLEEP IN A SHED OR SOMEWHERE!

TWENTY MINUTES PASSED BEFORE THEY REACHED A LIKELY PLACE ...

OOOOERRR! I-I DON'T LIKE THE LOOK OF THAT!

NOR DO I... BUT WE CAN'T GO ANY FARTHER! WE'VE GOT NO LIGHTS ON THIS GO-KART, REMEMBER!

THE PALS KNOCKED AND WAITED - WITHOUT RESPONSE, SO...

SHAME - THERE'S NO-ONE HERE! PERHAPS WE'D BETTER TRY SOMEWHERE ELSE...!

THERE ISN'T ANYWHERE ELSE! NOW STOP TREMBLING, AND MOVE ALONG!

SUDDENLY...

YEEOW! THE DOOR - IT SLAMMED SHUT BEHIND US! B-BUT HOW..?

L-LISTEN... I CAN HEAR SOMETHING..!

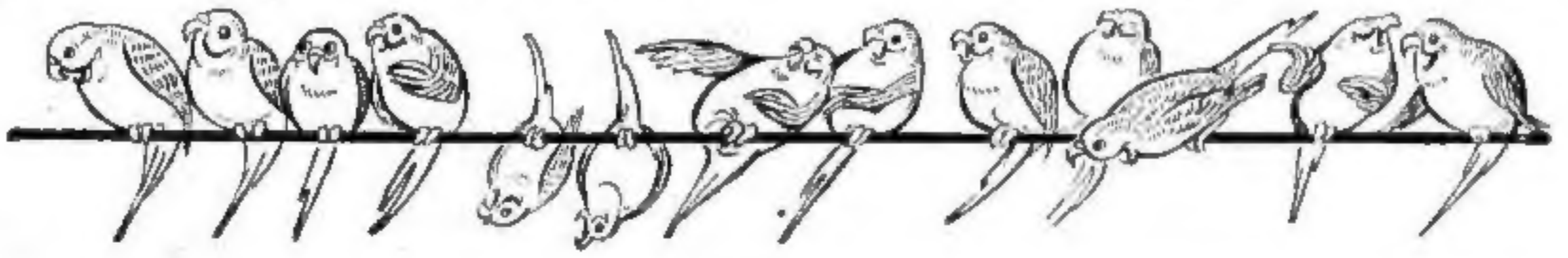
...AND I-I CAN SEE S-SOMETHING, TOO! LOOK!

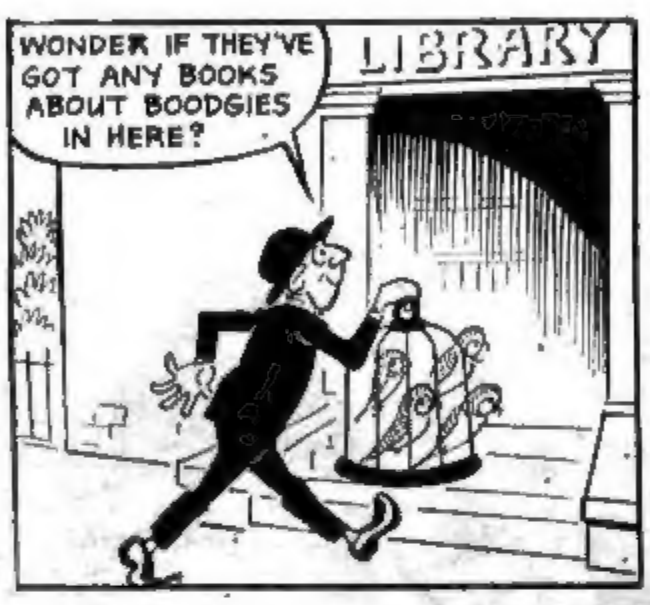
OOOERRR!

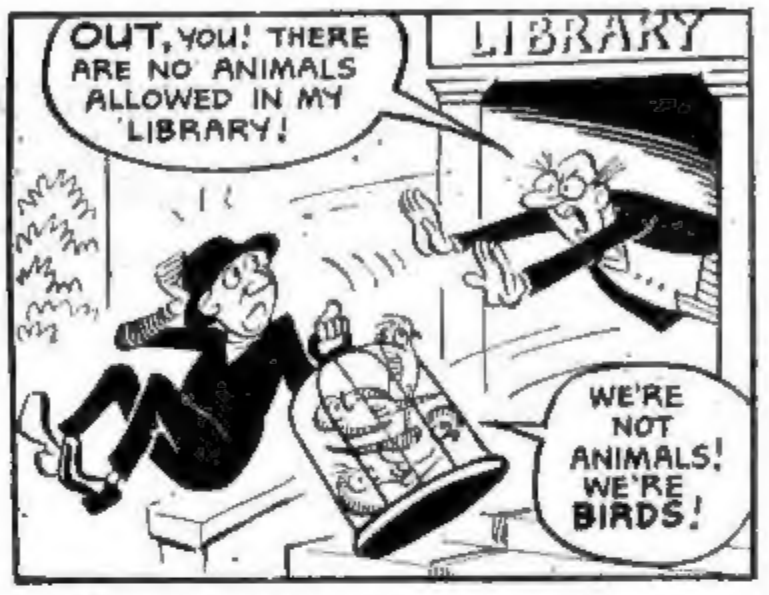
WHO ... OR WHAT ... IS ABOUT TO CONFRONT THE SKID KIDS ? FIND OUT NEXT MONDAY !

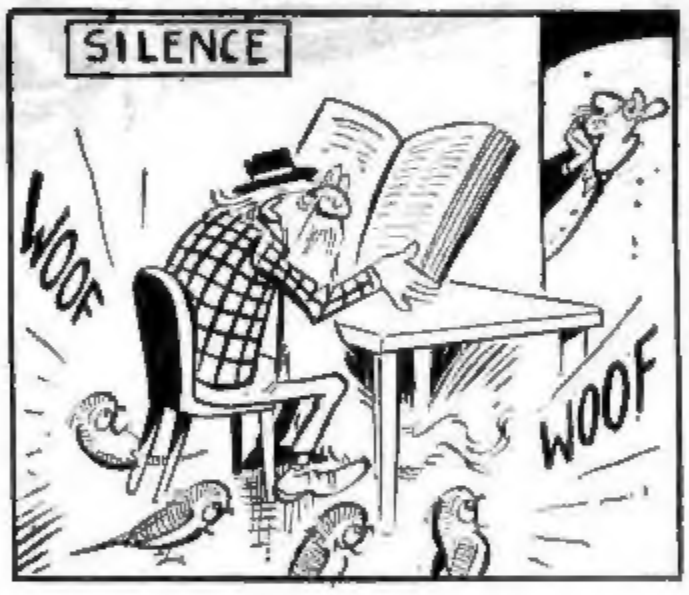
SOUND EFFECTS IN A LIBRARY... THE BUDGIES TURN UP THE VOLUME!

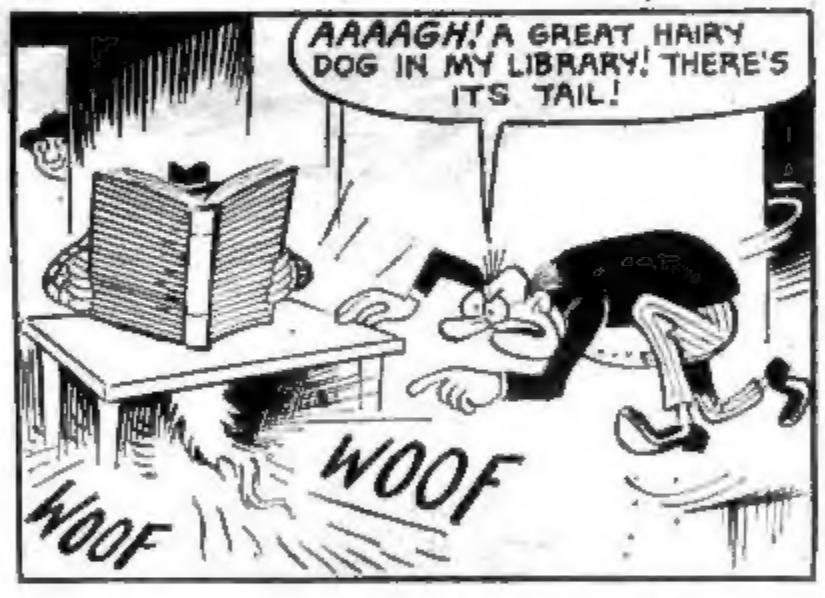
FREDDIE "Parrot-face" DAVIES

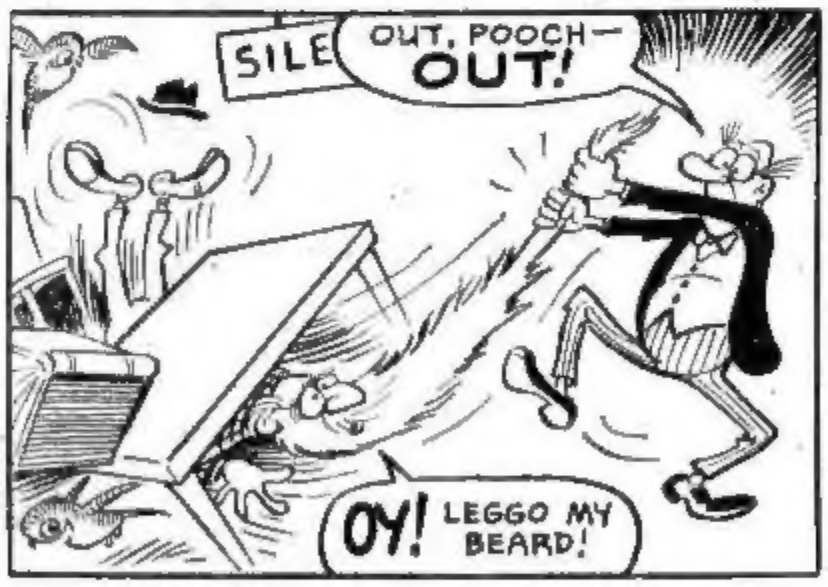


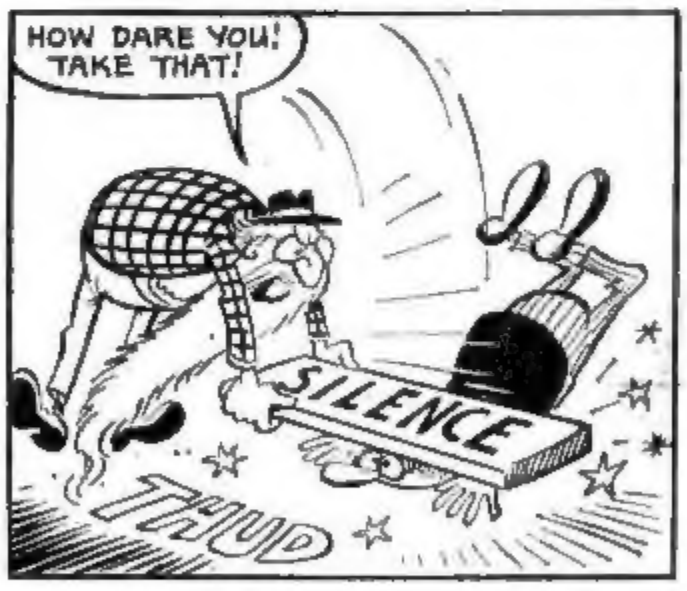


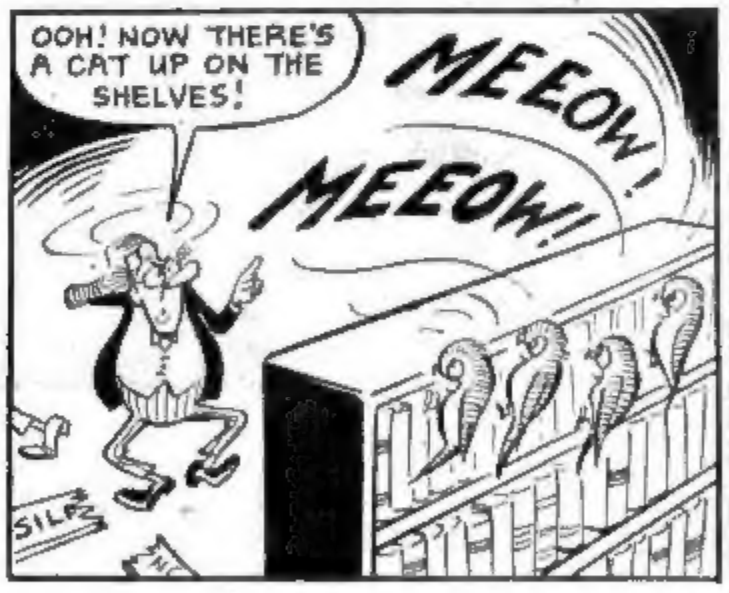












HAVE A LAUGH ON THE OCEAN WAVE WITH A PIRATE PARROT NEXT WEEK!

CHARLIE STOOD ON A POTTER'S WHEEL . . . AND WAS GIVEN A NASTY TURN!

The ASTOUNDING ADVENTURES of Charlie Peace

After being transported in a time-machine to modern London, arch-rogue Charlie Peace discovered that most things had changed since the Victorian age. But some highly skilled crafts still remained basically the same . . .

ONE DAY, THE CUNNING ROGUE WAS PASSING A POTTERY WORKS...

GREAT NEWS, MEN! OUR *EXPORT DRIVE* IS DOING WELL, SO I'M PAYING YOU ALL A *BONUS* THIS WEEK!

PINKUM'S WORLD-FAMOUS POTTERY

?

COO! THAT'S WELCOME, BOSS!

EXPORT

IF THERE'S ALL THAT MONEY IN *MODERN POTTERY*, IT'LL PAY ME TO LOOK INSIDE! I'LL SLIP IN THAT END DOOR WHILE THE MEN ARE STILL AT THEIR TEA-BREAK!

IN THE POTTERY WORKS, A KEEN YOUNG LAD WAS PRACTISING HIS SKILL ...

SO THEY STILL USE A POTTER'S WHEEL, LIKE IN THE OLD DAYS, EH, LAD?

SURE THING, MISTER! BUT WE MAKE REAL EXPENSIVE STUFF, LIKE THOSE PIECES, AS WELL AS CUPS AND SAUCERS!

TURNING THE MACHINE OFF, THE LAD HURRIED AWAY TO HIS TEA, AND CHARLIE SEIZED HIS CHANCE...

IF THEY'RE EXPENSIVE, THEY'RE WORTH PINCHING! I'LL SOON FLOG 'EM FOR A NICE PRICE...!

BUT NEXT MOMENT, THE TEA BREAK ENDED...

RIGHT! LET'S GET TO WORK! SWITCH ON, HARRY!

WHEEL OFF ON

EH...WHAT? I'M MOVING!

THE POTTER'S WHEEL WORKED UP TO FULL SPEED IN A FLASH!

YEEARGH!

WHIRRRRR!

COR! SOME SILLY CHUMP'S ON IT! WHO IS IT?

I CAN'T SEE... HE'S GOING ROUND TOO FAST! GET OFF, YOU IDIOT!

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

THE ARCH-ROGUE FAILED TO RESPOND TO A JOKE . . . AND THAT WAS NO LAUGHING MATTER!

THE ARCH ROGUE DID GET OFF... BUT IT WAS THEN THINGS TOOK A TURN FOR THE WORSE...

WRRRRR!

THUNK!

SLAP!

COR! HE'S BASHED INTO THE FOREMAN,' OLD BILL WON'T LIKE *THAT*.'

OI! WHAT ARE YOU 'ITTING ME FOR?

GRR! HELP ME UP, QUICK,' I'LL MAKE HIM PAY FOR THAT!

TO PACKING DEPT

TCHER! THIS IS THE GIDDY LIMIT,' I'M OFF.' BUT I WON'T 'AVE A CHANCE TO SNATCH ANY LOOT NOW!

FOR A WHILE, CHARLIE DODGED HIS PURSUERS, AND REACHED THE PACKING BAY...

AH, MY GOOD MAN, PASS ME THAT GRECIAN URN, PLEASE!

EH? WHAT'S A *GRECIAN URN*?

WHAT'S A GRECIAN *URN*? WHY, 'E *EARNS* ABOUT TWELVE QUID A WEEK.' HO, HO.'

PAH! THAT GAG'S AS OLD AS I AM... AND STOP THUMPIN' ME, OR I'LL HANG ONE ON YOUR UGLY *MUG*.'

BUT IT WAS TIME FOR THE CRAFTY CROOK TO MOVE ON...

HOLD THAT MAN! DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY.'

DOMESTIC CROCKERY

I'LL GET THE SAUCY SCAMP! UGLY MUG, HE CALLED ME!

THE PILE OF CROCKERY ON THE SHELVES GAVE CHARLIE A HANDY SUPPLY OF AMMUNITION...

WHEEE!

CRACK!

SAUCY, AM I? WELL, HAVE A FEW *SAUCERS*.' FLYING ONES AT THAT!

GNNRR! THAT DOES IT.' YOU'VE ASKED FOR IT, AND YOU'RE *GOIN'* TO GET IT.'

POTTERS CLAY

HEH, HEH! THAT'S WHAT *YOU* THINK.'

GNNN!

BETTER GET THE HOSE TO WORK ON 'EM BEFORE THE CLAY HARDENS, CHUM... OR YOU'LL HAVE A CUTE RANGE OF *LIVIN' STATUES*.' SO LONG.'

THE BOSS ARRIVED, TO FIND THAT CHARLIE HAD CREATED SOME NEW DESIGNS FOR HIS POTTERY-RANGE!

GOOD GRACIOUS! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

EXPORT DEPT.

WITH A MIGHTY HEAVE, THE AMAZING CROOK TILTED THE HUGE VAT...

SLUBBB!

YOUR MISTAKE, MATE! YOU'RE GOIN' TO GET IT!

UGG!

GLOOG!

CHARLIE DIDN'T INTEND TO LEAVE EMPTY-HANDED, HOWEVER...

THIS SOUVENIR WILL DO! MUST BE SOMETHIN' VERY EXPENSIVE INSIDE!

ONCE CLEAR, THE ROGUE PAUSED TO EXAMINE THE LOOT...

NO LITTER KEEP THE STREETS TIDY

WITH GREAT CARE

PHEW! NOBODY IN SIGHT! I'LL SOON 'AVE THIS CASE OPEN!

WITH HOPEFUL ANTICIPATION, THE FAMOUS ROGUE PLUNGED IN HIS HANDS AGAIN AND AGAIN, BUT...

WOOD SHAVINGS—THAT'S ALL THERE IS SO FAR!

CHARLIE'S TEMPER BEGAN TO FRAY...

NO LITTER KEEP THE STREETS TIDY

SHAVINGS... SHAVINGS... SHAVINGS...! PAAAH!

JUST AROUND THE CORNER...

PAH!

GREENGROCER

ONE FREE APPLE! YAAAR, BALDY! CATCH ME IF YOU CAN!

YOU LITTLE PERISHERS!

YAH! OLD EGG-HEAD!

MEANWHILE, CHARLIE HAD 'TRIUMPHED' AT LAST ..

SAMPLE OF EXTRA LARGE CUP FOR OSTRICH-EGGS!

WHAA-AAT?

NO LITTER KEEP THE STREETS TIDY

WHAT FLAMIN' GOOD IS THAT TO ME? I'D NEVER BE ABLE TO FLOG IT TO ANYONE!

PAH!

PLONK!

?!

A GIANT EGGCUP! IT SUITS HIM, TOO! TEE, HEE!

COO, LOOK! OLD EGG-HEAD'S GOT A NEW HAT!

THE ENRAGED GREENGROCER STORMED THROUGH THE TANGLE OF WOOD-SHAVINGS...

IT'S BAD ENOUGH TO HAVE TO PUT UP WITH KIDS TAKING THE MICKEY... BUT YOU AREN'T GETTING AWAY WITH IT!

NO LITTER KEEP THE STREETS TIDY

EH?

AHA! SO YOU'VE CAUGHT THE LITTER-LOUT WHO MADE THIS MESS! GOOD FOR YOU, SIR!

IT WAS A REAL COME-DOWN FOR THE MASTER-CROOK!

I'LL KEEP WITHIN EARSHOT! IF HE DOESN'T CLEAR UP EVERY SPECK, JUST GIVE ME A SHOUT!

WITH PLEASURE, OFFICER! AND IF HE SLOWS UP, I'LL TAP HIM WITH THIS!

NO LITTER KEEP THE STREETS TIDY

KER! JUST FOR SNATCHIN' A DAFT BIT O' CROCKERY. I'VE GOT AN OLD CROCK BOSSIN' ME AROUND! POTTERIN' ABOUT WITH POTTERY INDEED! I MUST BE POTTY!

CHARLIE BOUNCES BACK AGAIN IN NEXT MONDAY'S ISSUE, PALS!

THE TINY TWITOPIANS SOON REDUCE THE DANGER FROM INTERFERING HUMANS !

The TWITOPIANS

TWITOPUS

THE WHOLE TWITOPIAN EARTH INVASION FLEET HAD BEEN STUNNED BY SID'S MUM'S EXPLODING VACUUM CLEANER...

QUICK, MUM AND DAD! GET INDOORS BEFORE THE TWITOPIANS RECOVER!

BARRICADE THE BACK DOOR, SID!

EEK! CAREFUL! DON'T SCRATCH MY KITCHEN FLOOR!

FELLOW TWITOPIANS! WE NEED THAT HOUSE FOR OUR INVASION HEADQUARTERS! BATTER DOWN THE DOOR!

BASH! THUMP! CRASH! CLUNK!

NEXT DOOR... CLUNK! BANG! CRASH!

HENRY! THOSE AWFUL NOISY NEIGHBOURS OF OURS WOKE ME UP FROM MY AFTERNOON NAP! TELL THEM TO BE QUIET!

I SAY! KINDLY STOP THAT DIN, OR..!

THIS CALLS FOR ACTION! THAT SHOULD COOL YOU DOWN!

SWOOSH!

EEK! SOMEONE TURN THE MINI-SIZER ON THAT EARTHLING!

YUK, YUK, YUK! THAT SHOULD DO IT!

MINI-SIZER FIRE!

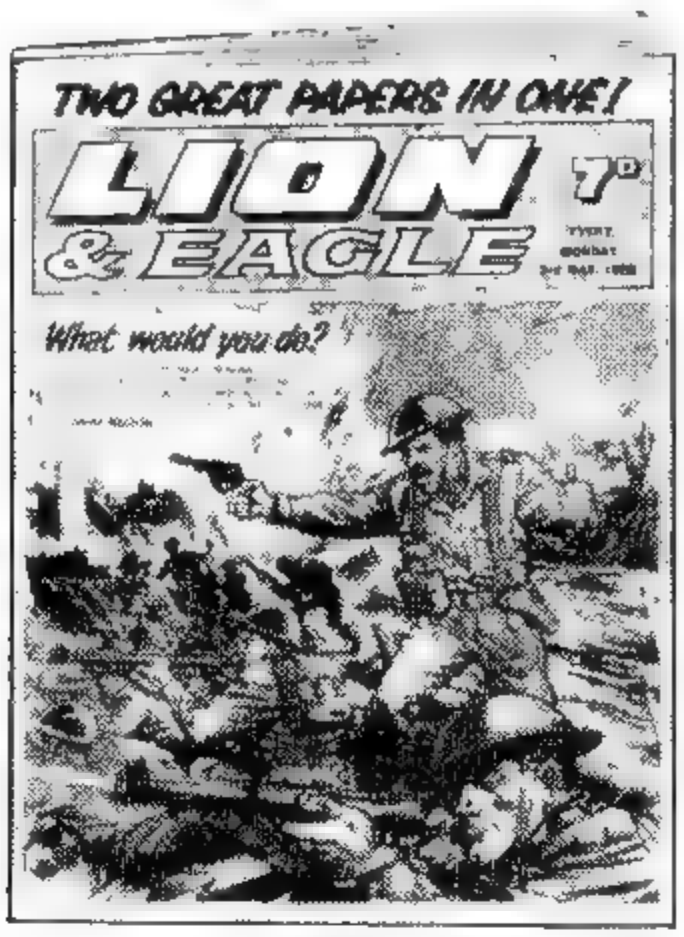
ZZZZZ!

HENRY! WHY HAVE YOU SHRUNK?

AAAGH! HENRY HIGGINS! YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS! GLOOP!

HEE, HEE, HEE! OUR SNOOTY NEIGHBOURS GOT A SHOCK! BUT OUR TROUBLES AREN'T OVER YET — I BET!

SID'S RIGHT—THIS SIDE-SPLITTING SAGA CONTINUES NEXT WEEK!



GREAT NEWS, PALS

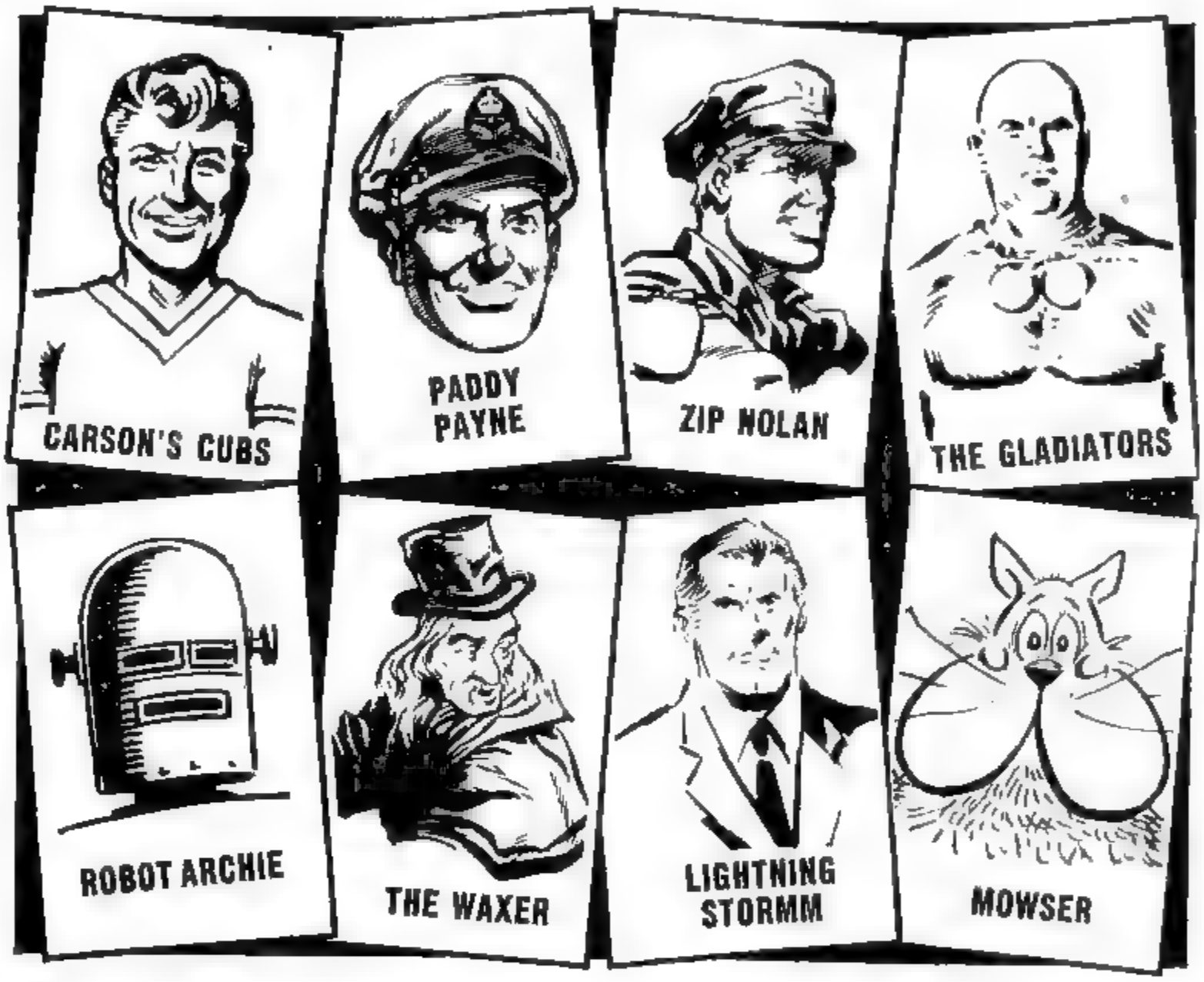
2 great papers, LION and EAGLE are teaming up to bring you all these top stories in one action-packed weekly.

PLUS *these three great new serials*

TURVILLE'S TOUCHSTONE

GARGAN

plus **ODDBALL OATES**



Also many more super features in the gripping pages of this new combined weekly.

LION & EAGLE

First combined issue out next Monday

36 PAGES OF THRILLS, FUN AND EXCITEMENT 7d

A NARROW ESCAPE CONVINCED FISHBOY HE NEEDED ASSISTANCE . . . AND FAST!

FISHBOY
Denizen of the Deep

Stranded on a desert island as a child and forced to get his food from the sea, Fishboy developed slightly webbed hands and feet and learned to breathe underwater as easily as a fish. After discovering that his parents were Professor John Lawrence and his wife Helen—two geologists believed to be working in Canada—Fishboy set off to find them. But in the North Atlantic he came across a wounded sailor aboard a yacht. Fishboy tried to sail the craft to Greenland, but it was mysteriously attacked and sunk by a vessel of the Royal Canadian Navy . . .

STILL BEWILDERED BY THE ONSLAUGHT, FISHBOY LOWERED THE INJURED MAN INTO A DINGHY AND TRIED TO TOW HIM CLEAR OF THE AREA. BUT...

R-ROPE DRAGS AT FISHBOY'S SHOULDERS... SLOWS HIM DOWN! FIRE-STICK BOAT GAINS FAST!

ONCE AGAIN, THE DEADLY NAVAL GUN ROARED...

BAROOM

WHOOSH

T-THIS HOPELESS! ONLY CHANCE IS TO GET HELP AND STOP PURSUIT!

FISHBOY DIVED DEEP AND SENT OUT A DISTRESS CALL IN THE STRANGE, BURBLING LANGUAGE THAT ONLY SEA-CREATURES COULD UNDERSTAND...

FRAAANASKA ASKA HIRPLOOP TOKYA!

SECONDS LATER, TWO MASSIVE SHAPES SLID THROUGH THE SEA TOWARDS HIM...

BLOOM-AAMAM...BRAAAKOL!

IS GOOD! AIR-BREATHING BLUBBER GIANTS COME TO FISH-BOY'S AID..!

FISHBOY SWIFTLY TOLD THE WHALES WHAT HE WANTED THEM TO DO— AND NEXT MOMENT THEY JOINED HIM IN A DASH FOR THE SURFACE...

AROL!

BOOMBA!

FIRE-STICK BOAT AHEAD! THE GIANT ONES ARE READY TO STRIKE!

JUDGING THEIR ASCENT TO PERFECTION, THE TWO HUGE CREATURES SURFACED WITH INCREDIBLE POWER, AND...

YAAAH! WHAT THE BLAZES—?

SWOOSH!

WHALES TO PORT AND STARBOARD! THEY'VE LIFTED US CLEAN OUT OF THE WATER!

FRANTICALLY, THE CAPTAIN YELLED ORDERS...

HURRY— GET SOME BOAT-HOOKS! JAB AT THOSE BRUTES UNTIL THEY SHEER OFF..!

BLUBBER-BODIES SOON IN DANGER! FISHBOY MUST GET ROPE— FINISH PURSUIT ONCE AND FOR ALL!

HE FASHIONED A ROUGH LASSO— AND THEN EXPERTLY SPUN THE SNAKING COIL OF ROPE INTO THE WHIRLING PROPELLER...

VRRRAAAAA

KRAAAK!

SURE ENOUGH, THE POWERFUL ENGINES SPLUTTERED AND DIED...

CAP'N, OUR DRIVING SCREW'S BEEN FOULED! WE'RE ADRIFT!

IT'S THAT YOUNGSTER AGAIN—HEADING NORTH FOR GREENLAND WITH THE DINGHY IN TOW!

THEN IF HE HAD ANYTHING TO DO WITH THIS, HE'LL PAY FOR IT! I'LL RADIO AHEAD AND GET THE AUTHORITIES TO SEARCH THE ENTIRE COASTLINE NORTH AND WEST OF *CAPE FAREWELL!*

LITTLE REALISING HOW DANGEROUS A POSITION HE WAS IN, FISHBOY COULD THINK ONLY OF SAVING THE MYSTERIOUS SAILOR...

ON AND ON HE SWAM. UNTIL AT LAST...

T-THIS PLACE CALLED *GREEN-LAND!* FISHBOY SOON GET HELP FOR INJURED LAND-MAN!

FISHBOY DRAGGED THE DINGHY ON TO THE BEACH. THEN, SUDDENLY, A WELCOME SOUND REACHED HIS EARS...

AAAAH... CHEST! THE PAIN..!

SAILOR-MAN MOVES! IS COMING ROUND..!

WEAKLY, THE WOUNDED MAN OPENED HIS EYES AND TRIED TO MOVE...

NO! YOU LIE STILL! FISHBOY WILL TAKE YOU TO LAND-PEOPLE'S. HEALING PLACE CALLED *HOS-PIT-AL!*

B-BUT YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! I MUST GET CLEAR! SEE PAPER... IN POCKET..!

FISHBOY REACHED INTO THE MAN'S POCKET... AND BROUGHT OUT A DAMP, CRINKLED POSTER...

WANTED

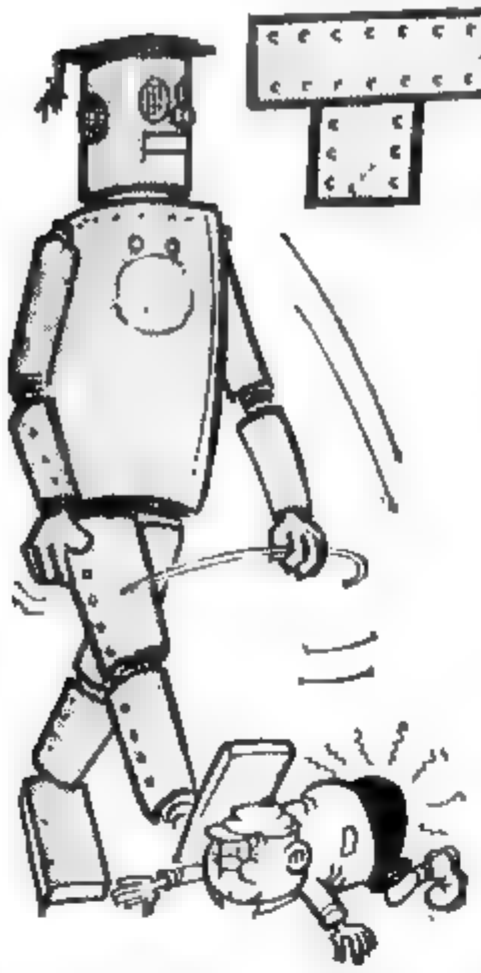
FOR KIDNAPPING.

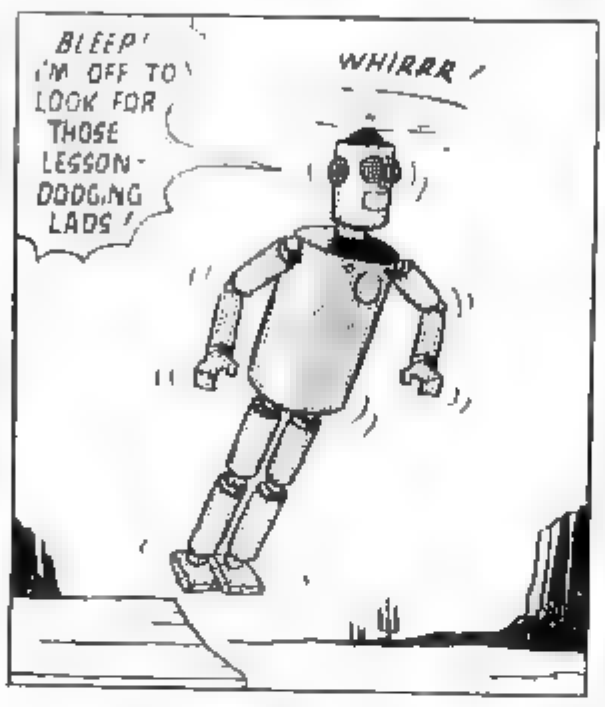
PIERRE ROUSSEAU

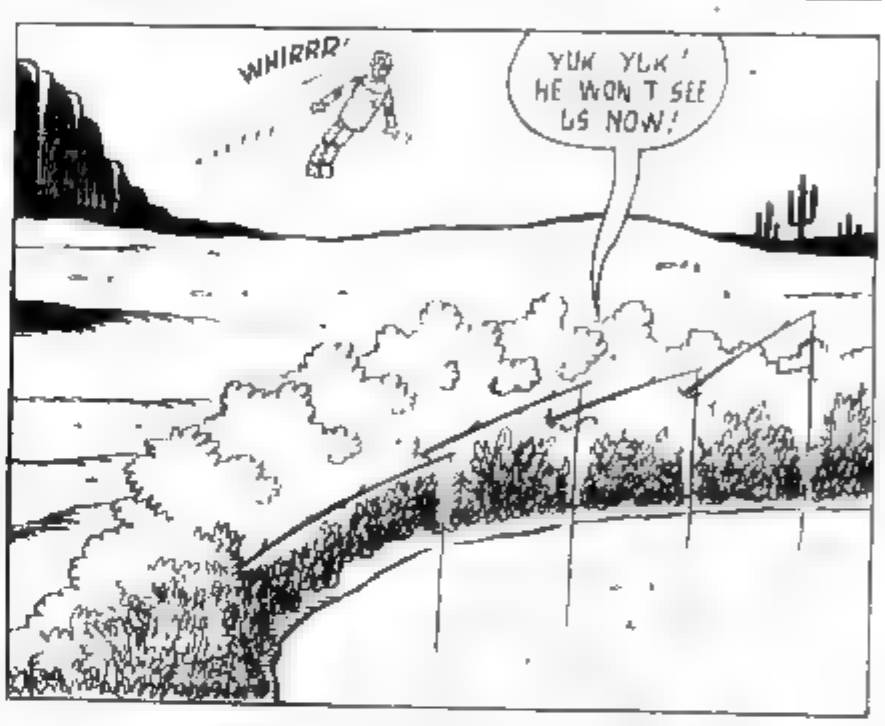
HAS FISHBOY HELPED A CRIMINAL TO ESCAPE CAPTURE? WHAT WILL HE DO NOW? SEE NEXT WEEK!

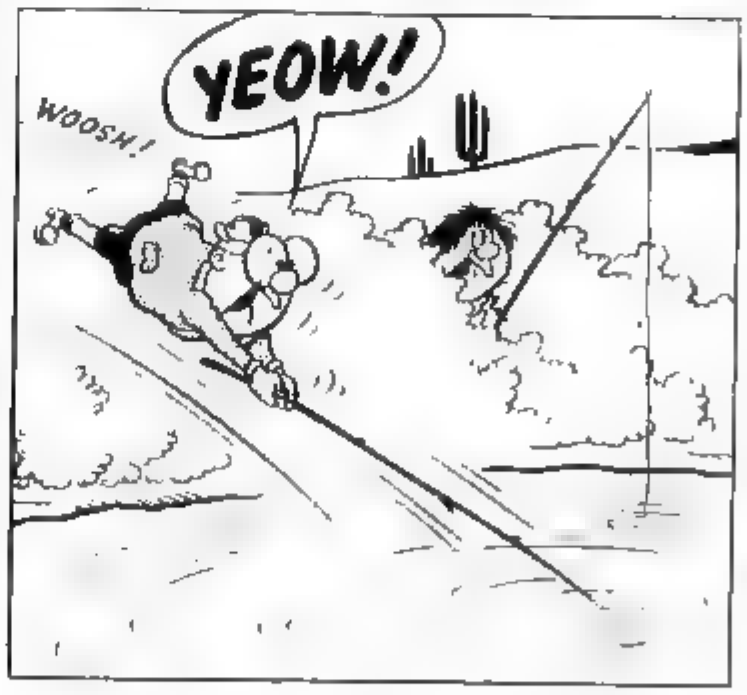
THE NAUGHTY BOYS TRY THE ART OF CAMOUFLAGE . . . BUT T-T SEES THROUGH THEIR GAME!

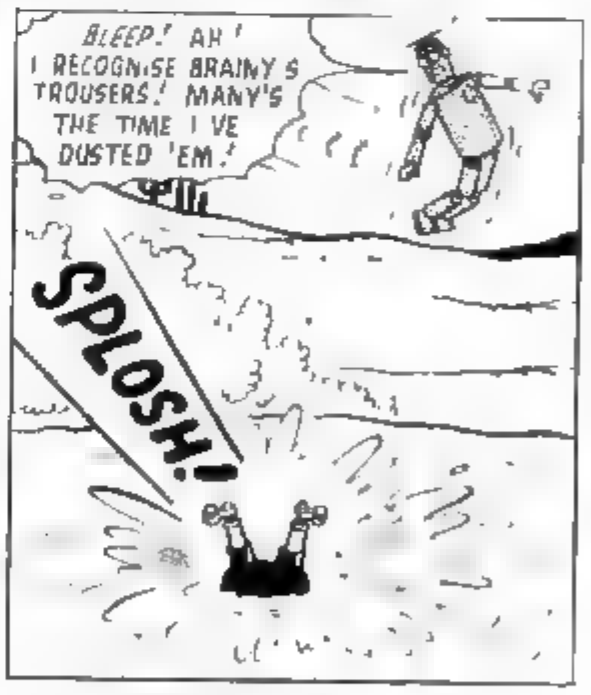
TIN TEACHER

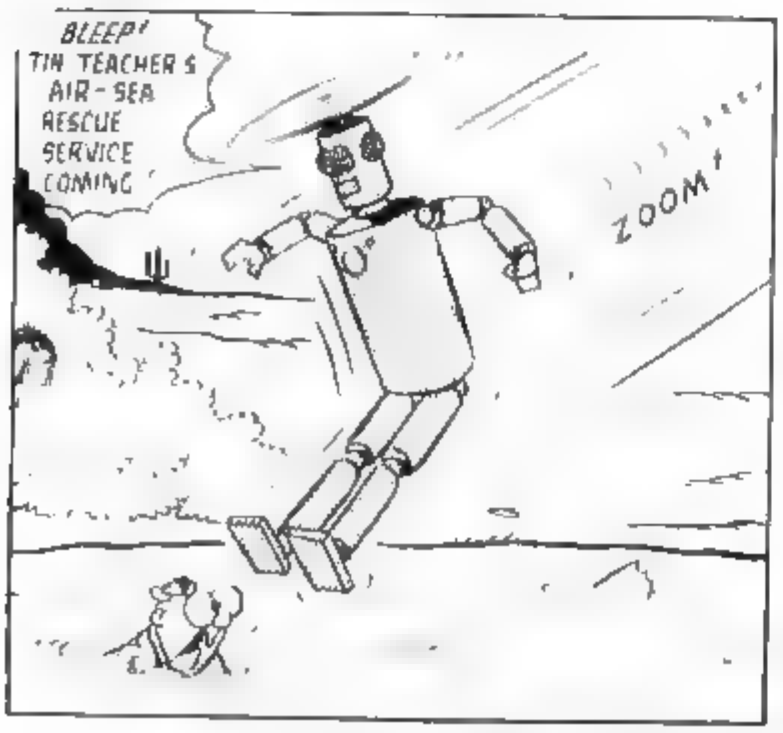


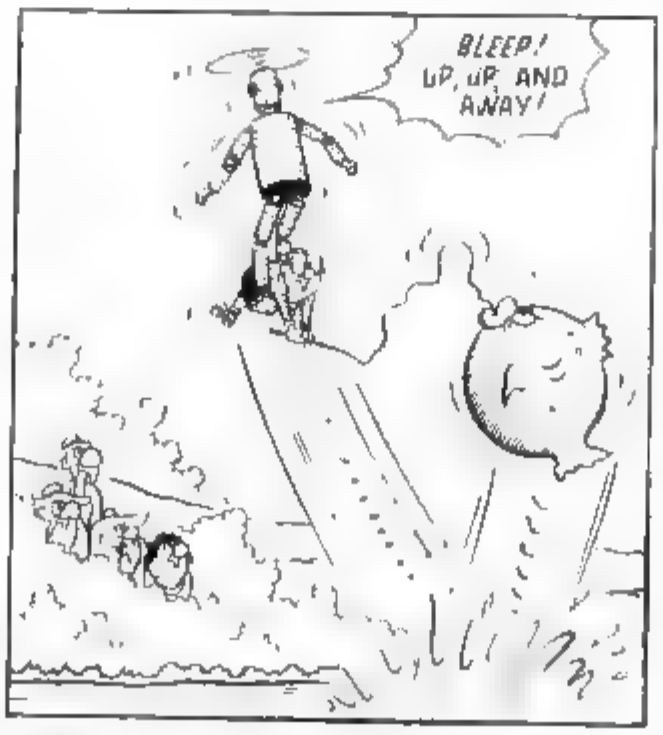












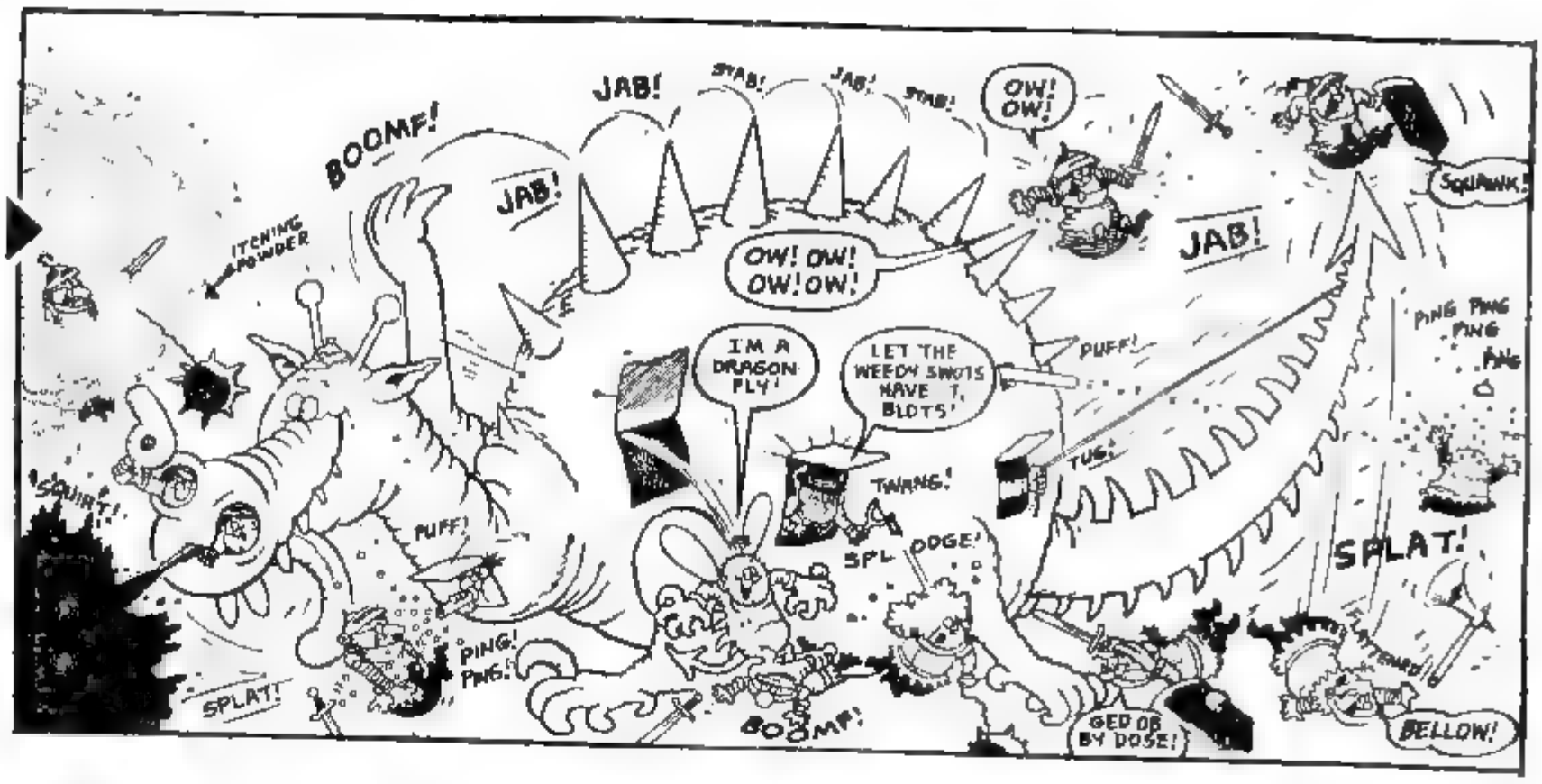
THE LADS GET TIN TEACHER IN A SPIN NEXT MONDAY . . . THANKS TO A WHIRLWIND!

MONSTER MIRTH WITH...

"THE SWOTS AND THE BLOTS"

FOOTBALL FROLICS WITH...

"THE WORLD-WIDE WANDERERS"



SEE THESE SMASHING STORIES—PLUS MANY, MANY MORE—IN THE SENSATIONAL NEW

SMASH!

ON SALE MONDAY. 40 PAGES FOR 7d.

Stanley Gibbons offers you the chance he never had

When Stanley Gibbons first started, he did it the hard way.

A stamp here. A stamp there.

Today, it's a cinch.

Just wolf scrunchy fresh Golden Wonder Peanuts. Send us the empty pack (one for every set ordered) plus correct money. And say which of these five great Stanley Gibbons stamp bargains you want.

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4. **40 animal stamps worth 5/-. Yours for 3/6.**
5. **40 ship stamps worth 5/-. Yours for 3/6.**

On offers 2 to 5, you save even more if you buy more. Any two sets (worth 10/-) for only 6/9. Any three (worth 15/-) for 9/9. All four (worth £1) for 12/6.

Details on the backs of the special Golden Wonder Peanuts 'Great Stamp Bargains' packs.

Get scrunching now.

Stanley Gibbons would've swopped a penny black for a chance like this.

Golden Wonder. You can't lick our stamp offer.

THIS NEW DRAMA-CHARGED ADVENTURE OF THE BATTLING ORPHAN BOYS BEGINS TODAY !

CRABBE'S CRUSADERS

Four orphan boys, "Smiler" Smith, "Red" O'Rork, Willy Evans and Sammy Greig, had enlisted as Professor Crabbe's crusaders for peace. Many ingenious weapons and gadgets had been invented by the old scientist to help the boys in the constant fight against evil and injustice — but there was also a lighter side to some of them . . .

NEVER HAD THE BOYS SEEN HERMIT CRABBE SO EARNEST...

MANY YEARS AGO, I ENCOUNTERED A BRILLIANT SCIENTIST NAMED HERMANN RHODIN! BUT HIS AIMS WERE MISPLACED! HE LOVED ONLY VIOLENCE AND ARMED CONFLICT... EVERYTHING I STAND AGAINST!

I VOWED THEN THAT I WOULD WATCH FOR ANY SIGNS OF HIM USING HIS SKILLS TO ENDANGER PEACE! BUT FOR SOME TIME I LOST TRACE OF THE MAN! NOW ..AT LONG LAST I HAVE TRACKED HIM DOWN... TO THE JUNGLES OF SOUTH AMERICA! AND MY WORST FEARS HAVE BEEN REALISED!

I HAVE DISCOVERED RHODIN IS ENGAGED UPON THE PRODUCTION AND DISTRIBUTION OF WEAPONS OF AN ADVANCED DESIGN TO INCITE A GREAT REVOLUTION! THE TEMPLE IS HIS HEADQUARTERS...IT IS THAT WHICH YOU MUST RAZE TO THE GROUND, MY CRUSADERS!

BUT WHERE DO THE MINICOPTERS COME IN, PROF?

MY COMPUTERS TELL ME THAT THE TEMPLE IS VERY WELL GUARDED...BOTH BY NATURAL AND MAN-MADE MEANS! YOU MUST, OF COURSE, USE YOUR INITIATIVE, BUT THE MINICOPTERS MAY HELP YOU!

AND IN THE VAST UNDERGROUND CHAMBER IMMEDIATELY BELOW...

YOUR JOURNEY WILL BE A DIFFICULT ONE...OVER SEA AND DENSE UNEXPLORED JUNGLE! YOU SHALL USE "THE SPANNER"...MY LATEST VERTICAL TAKE-OFF AND LANDING AIRCRAFT!

COR! GET A LOAD O' THAT!

WHAT SUPERB LINES! IT'S BEAUTIFUL!

THERE WAS ONE LAST WARNING FOR THE CRUSADERS...

AT ALL TIMES REMEMBER YOU ARE TANGLING WITH A MAN WHO HAS NO REGARD FOR MERCY! MAY GOOD LUCK GO WITH YOU!

SOON, THE SLEEK SHAPE OF THE SPANNER WAS SOARING UP INTO THE CLOUDLESS SKY...

WELL, 'ERE WE COME, RHODIN! YOUR PLACE MAY BE WELL GUARDED, BUT IT WON'T KEEP OUT CRABBE'S CRUSADERS!

BUT AT THAT VERY MOMENT, MORE THAN A THOUSAND MILES AWAY...

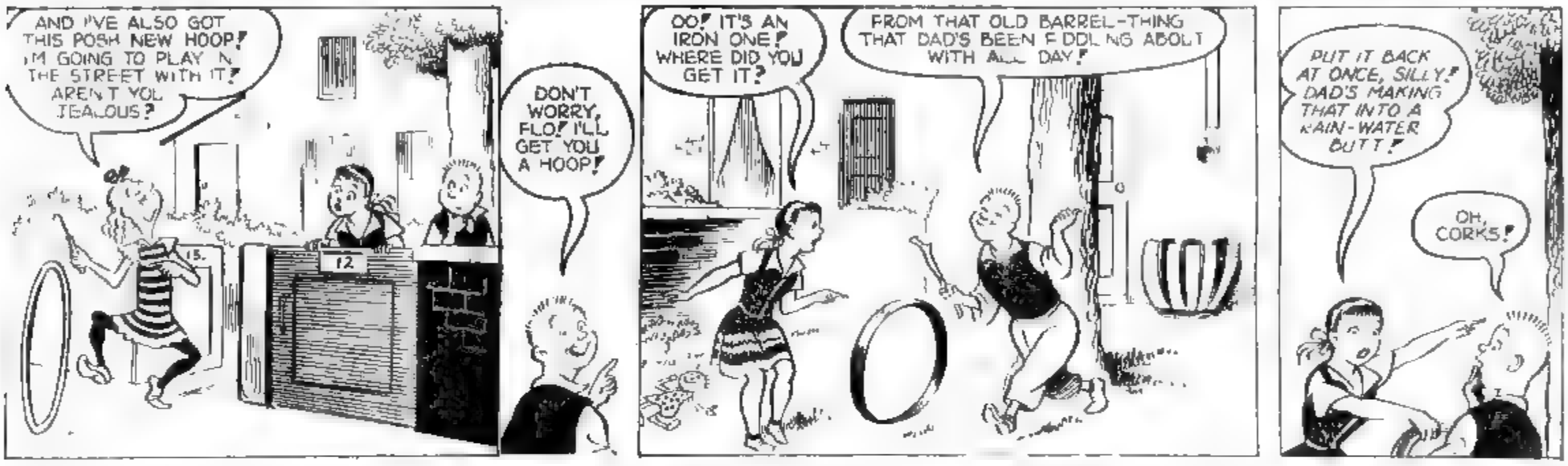
IF I KNOW MY OLD ADVERSARY HE WILL NOT WASTE MUCH TIME! MAKE READY, MY ASSISTANTS... SOON IT WILL BE A FIGHT TO THE FINISH, BETWEEN CRABBE'S CRUSADERS AND RHODIN'S RAIDERS!

AN' WHEN I GET TO WORK WITH ME EXPLOSIVES -- POW!

THE SENSATIONAL CLASH COMES NEXT WEEK! DON'T MISS THE EXCITEMENT!

HERE'S "HOOPING" FOR A BARREL-LOAD OF FUN FROM THE KIDS!

The HAPPY FAMILY



THE HAPPY FAMILY STAR AGAIN NEXT WEEK! ORDER YOUR "BUSTER and GIGGLE" NOW!

20 colour pictures of Prehistoric Reptiles

Look for the special Crosse & Blackwell Baked Bean Labels. On the back you'll find your prehistoric reptile pictures; stick them into your FREE Study Booklet.
It tells you why Tyrannosaurus was the most feared creature in the prehistoric world . . . and lots more
Quick! Collect all 20 Prehistoric Reptile Pictures by 9th June —and get a Full Colour print (12" x 18") featuring two reptiles.

GET YOUR FREE STUDY BOOKLET- NOW!

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Please send me a FREE Study Booklet
I enclose a 5d. stamp to cover postage

BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE

Mr/Mrs, Miss _____

Address _____

_____

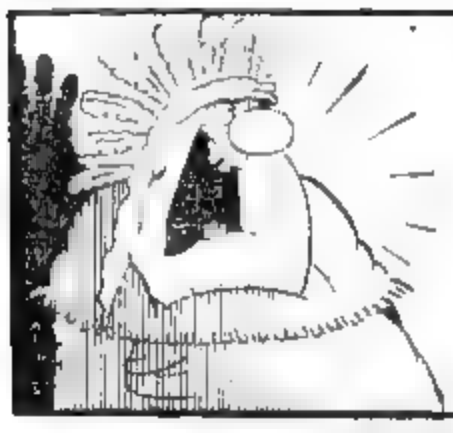
Town _____ County _____

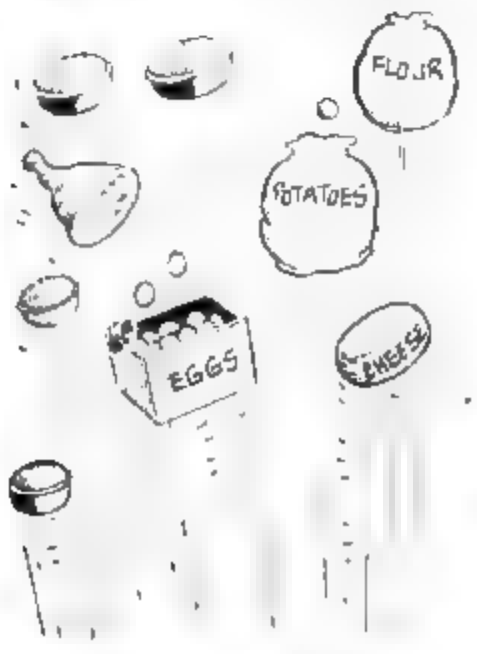
Final date for receipt of application is the 1st September 1969

BG

HERE'S A "TREE-T"...THIS TALE IS DYNAMITE, PALS!

BIG CHIEF POW WOW





POW WOW...HIM HEAP FUNNY MAN! MEET HIM AGAIN NEXT MONDAY!

GOOD KNIGHT! to you each morning.
A great cut-out series on the backs of Kellogg's Corn Flakes packets.

"Armour Through The Ages"

12 full-colour, self-standing models in accurate historic armour
Each knight is over 8" tall, and

- you arm him
- put on his shield
- and his helm.

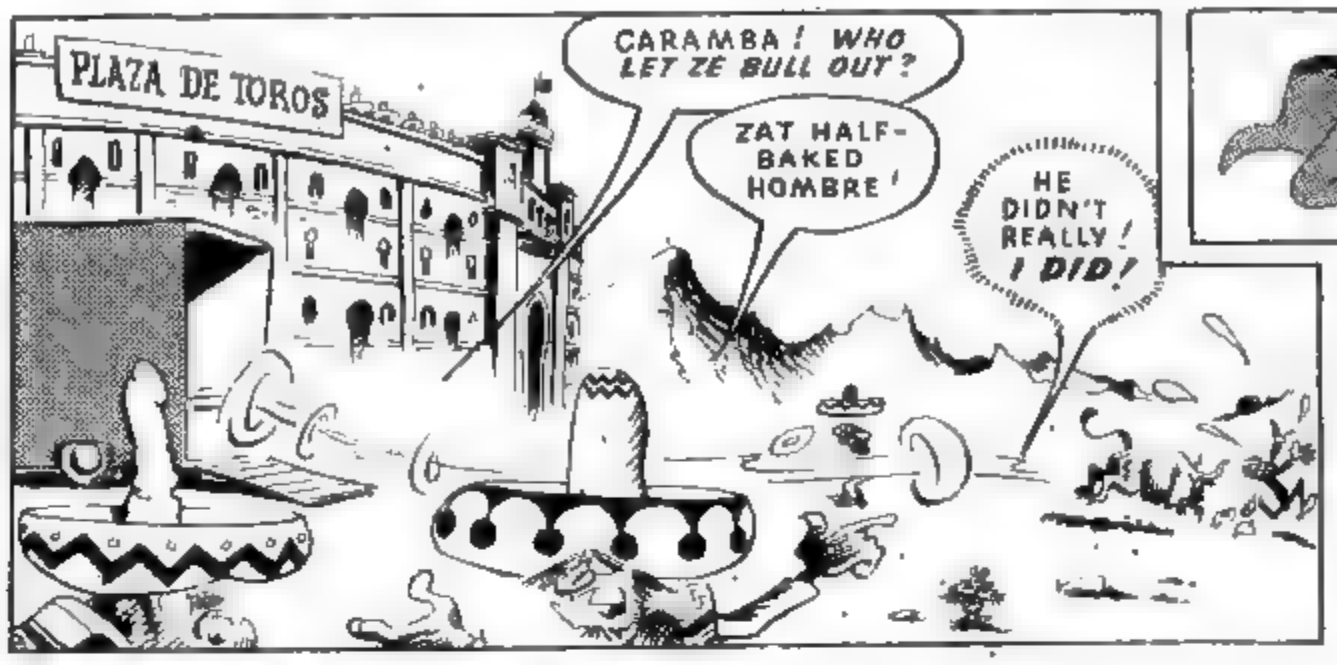
And the side panels are crammed with information about the armour and the knights who wore it.

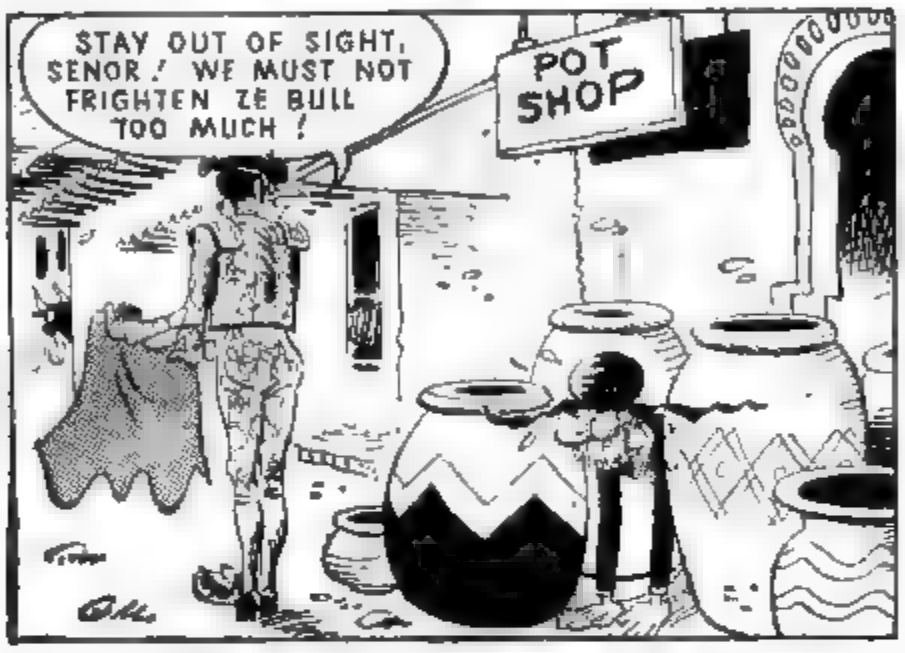
Be the first to collect all twelve models and have a tournament!

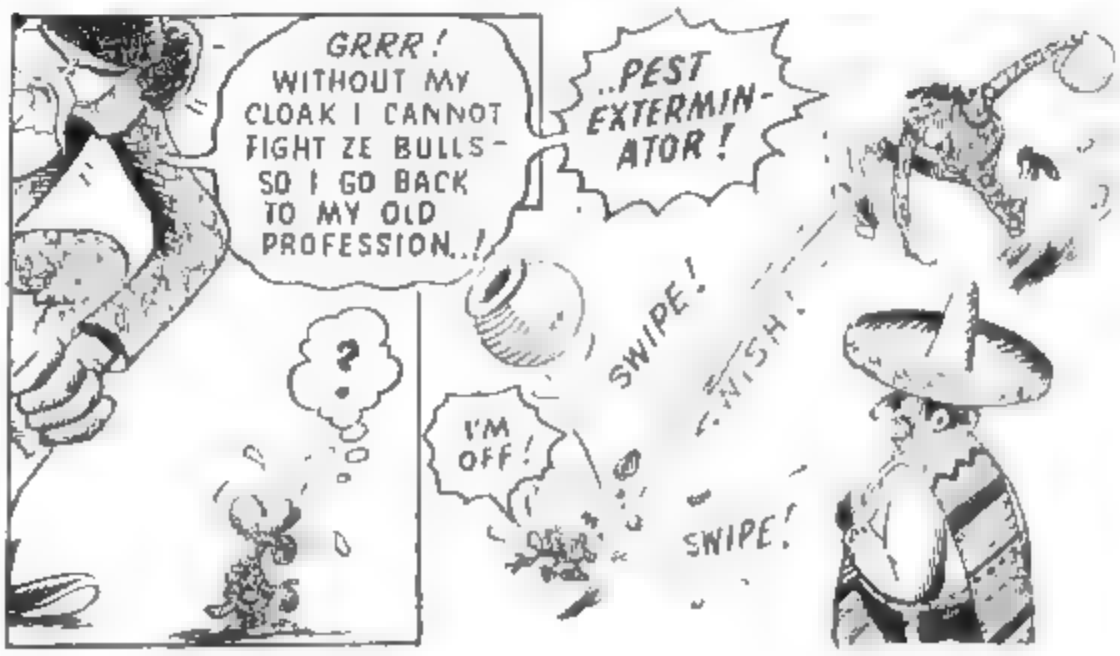
IN A TALE ABOUT CRUNCHER AND A BULLFIGHTER, IT'S A TOSS UP WHO COMES OFF BEST!

CRUNCHER

THE TINY TERMITE WITH THE BIG APPETITE







MORE MIRTH WITH OUR TINY TERMITE IN NEXT WEEK'S "BUSTER and GIGGLE"!

ROAMIN' COULD ONLY LOOK ON HELPLESSLY AS COMANCHE FOUGHT THE SPACE BEAST!

ROAMIN' JAMES - SPACE PILOT!

The cowboy-style space pilot Roamin' James was on the planet Tyros with two famous zoologists. He had orders to take them back to Earth, but he and his companions were captured by the Tyrosians, who dwelt beneath the ground. Mercilessly, the mole-like creatures decided to send the professors to their fate . . .

CONTINUED OVERLEAF...

THE AGE-OLD COLTS CRASHED OUT...WITH DEVASTATING EFFECT!

THE COWBOY SPACE PILOT LEAPT DOWN INTO THE PIT...

COME ON, COMANCHE! LET'S START US A SHOOTIN' GALLERY!

FIRST, WE PUT THIS MONSTER ON ICE! THEN WE HIGHTAIL OUT OF HERE!

CAPTAIN. YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE THAT! THAT'S A VERY, VERY RARE CREATURE!

DROPPING THE SPENT TYROSIAN FREEZE-GUN, ROAMIN' REACHED FOR HIS TRUSTY TWIN COLTS...

I'M GONNA START THROWING LEAD— SO GET THE HECK THROUGH THAT GATE, YOU TWO! MOVE!

AAAAAHH!

AARGH!

THAT'S SHOT-UP THE GATE MECHANISM, SO WE'VE SEALED OURSELVES OFF FROM PURSUIT! NOW ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS HOPE THERE'S AN EXIT FROM HERE!

THE TUNNEL LED TO THE MONSTER'S DEN...

THERE'S OUR WAY OUT— AN AIR VENT!

LOOK, TIBBS; A LAPIDACHTRAL NEST!

IGNORING THE OLD MEN, ROAMIN' MADE A LOOP IN SOME ROPE SNATCHED FROM THE WALL. THEN...

DONE IT! I'VE LASSOED ME A ROCK! NOW WE CAN CLIMB OUT OF THIS PLACE!

MINUTES LATER, THEY WERE ON THE SURFACE...

TAKE THE LEAD OUTTA YOUR SHOES! THOSE TYROSIAN CRITTERS WILL BE A-COMIN' AFTER US!

ONCE INSIDE THE SPACESHIP...

WE'VE GOT JUST ABOUT ENOUGH POWER ON TAP TO BLAST-OFF!

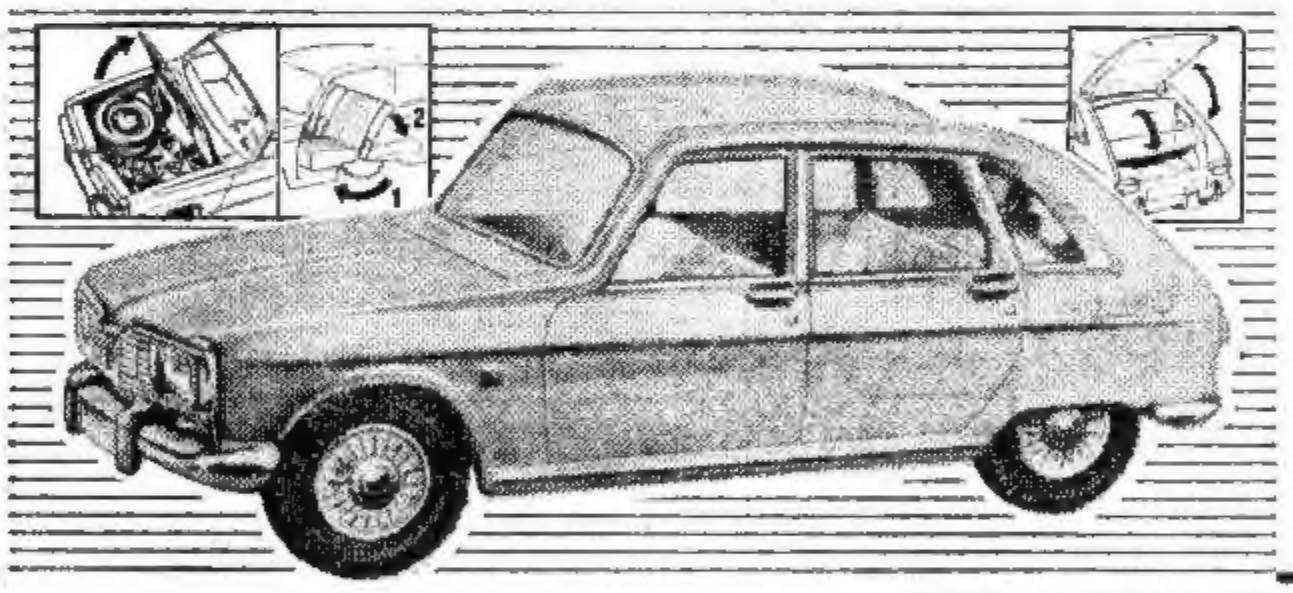
I DO HOPE THOSE AWFUL MEN BACK THERE DON'T STOP US!

BUT EVEN AS THE GREAT FREIGHTER TREMBLED IN THE DAWNING TYROSIAN DAYLIGHT...

THE TEMPERATURE OUTSIDE IS CLIMBING! THAT'LL HELP US GET AWAY...!

QUICK! GET IN CLOSER! FREEZE THAT SHIP BEFORE IT TAKES OFF...!

WATCH OUT FOR ANOTHER EXPLOIT OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY SPACE PILOT NEXT WEEK !

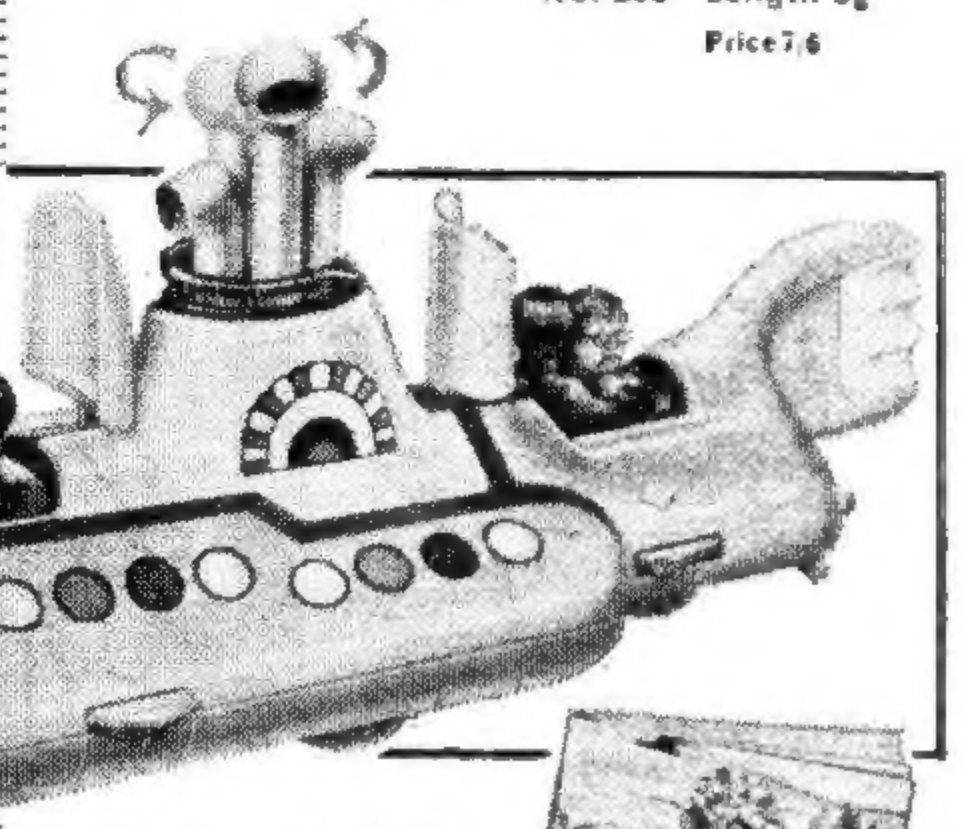


The Suave...

RENAULT R.16. A terrific model of this suave French saloon, with super features — **remote controlled** folding seats, opening bonnet and tailgate, and towing hook. Suave — and super!

No. 260 Length 3⅝"

Price 7/6



The Psychedelic

Come to Pepperland. Fight the Blue Meanies. Join the Beatles in their psychedelic **YELLOW SUBMARINE.** The periscopes revolve as it moves along, and John, George, Paul and Ringo pop up from hidden hatches at the touch of a lever. Come to Pepperland. In the Yellow Submarine.

No. 803 Length 5¼" Price 14/6

HEY KIDS! GREAT SHREDDED WHEAT CORGI OFFER!

Ask Mum to buy Shredded Wheat for you—and buy your next Corgi for 1/– or more off! Save the 4d or 6d coupons you'll find on every Shredded Wheat pack until you have a shillingsworth (or more), then—away to your Corgi shop!

See the whole fabulous Corgi range in the **NEW** 48-page full-colour catalogue — 6d.

CORGI® TOYS

BUSTER Giggles

POCKET-MONEY PRIZES TO BE WON EVERY WEEK!

£1

FOR THE SENDER OF EACH JOKE PUBLISHED

HOW TO ENTER:

Send your joke on a postcard to:

"BUSTER Giggles", FLEETWAY HOUSE, FARRINGDON ST., LONDON, E.C.4.

A CASH PRIZE OF £1 WILL BE AWARDED FOR EACH JOKE PUBLISHED.

(When similar jokes are received, the first one to be judged will be awarded the prize.)

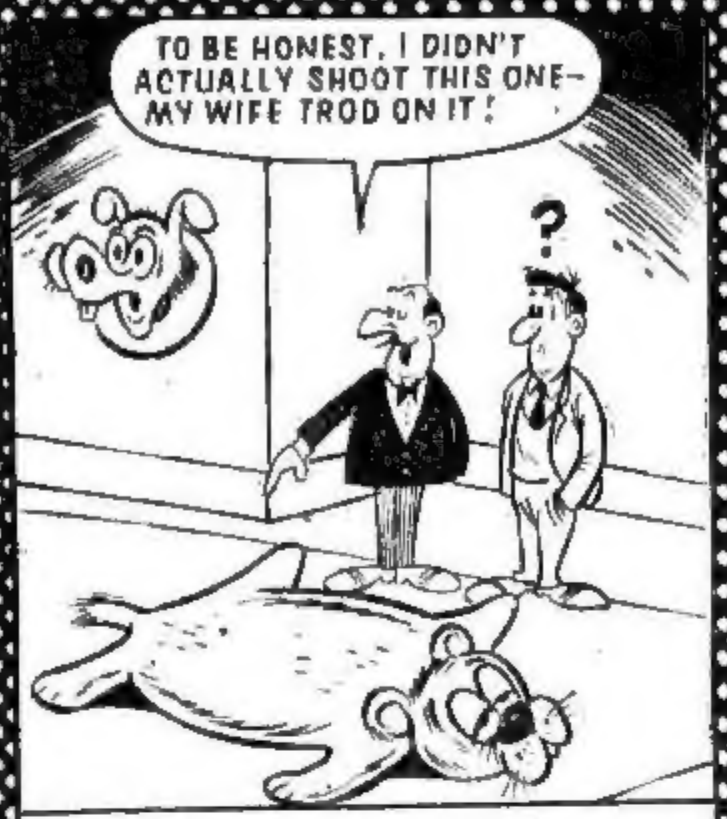
MY THREE FAVOURITE FEATURES ARE:

1 .....

2 .....

3 .....

PLEASE FILL IN THE COUPON ABOVE AND PASTE IT TO YOUR POSTCARD

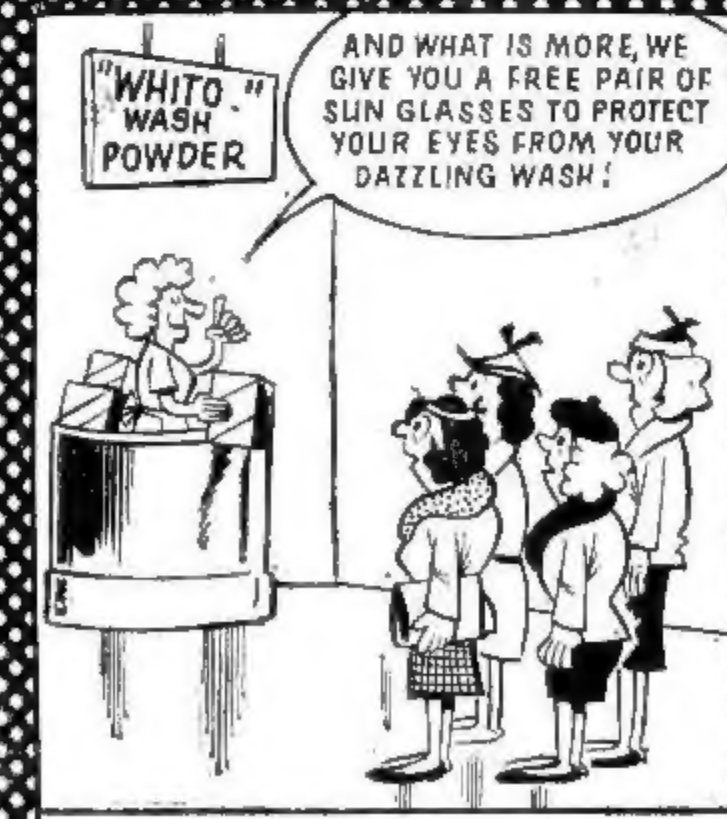


From C. MASSEY, THORNTON HEATH.

From S. HENSHALL, HANTS.

From A. IVATT, STIRLING.

From P. McKEOWN, HAMILTON.



From M. GANLEY, BEXLEY.

From D. HITCHEN, WIGAN.

Continued from front page . . .

CORKS—HIGHLAND DANCING AND BAGPIPE MUSIC! BLOW THAT FOR A LARK! I WON'T HAVE MUCH FUN HERE!

HEH, HEH! I DON'T KNOW, THOUGH!

FREE JOCK'S PORRIDGE FOR PIPERS (PIPING HOT)

NEXT CONTESTANTS, PLEASE!

THAT'S US! AWA' AND GET YOUR BAGPIPES, SANDY!

YUK, YUK! YOU MADE A MESS OF THAT, MATE!

AYE! AND WE'LL MAKE A MESS OF YOU, TOO, THE NOO!

TIME I WASN'T HERE!

WHOA! HOLD ON A MINUTE, MISTER!

THANKS, MISTER! I'M AWAY!

COO! THIS IS WHERE I CAME IN!

SOMEONE ELSE WAS ACTIVE, TOO...

HEH, HEH! NO NEED TO BUY ANY PORRIDGE FOR WEEKS NOW!

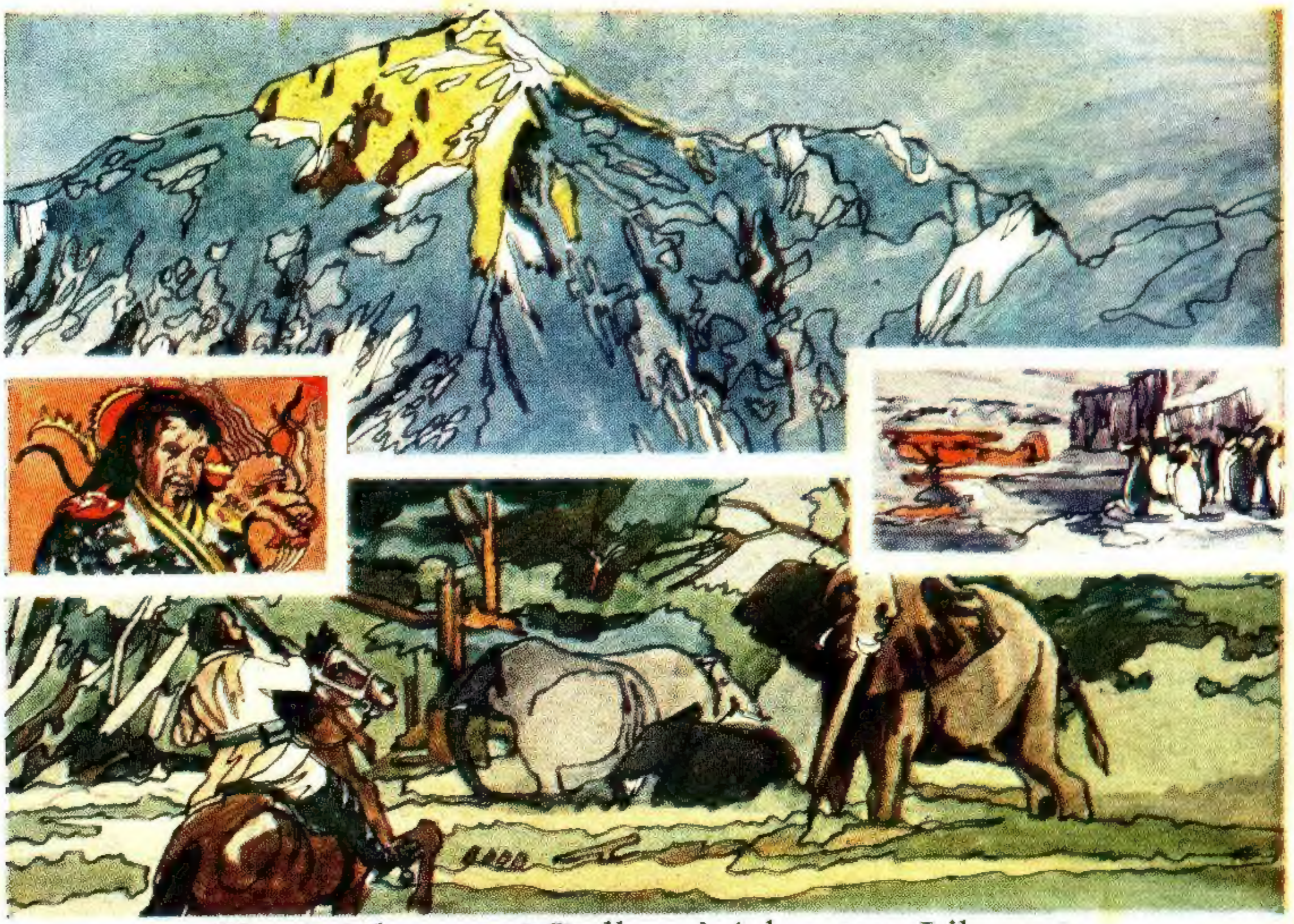
BLAM!

THEN BUSTER WOKE UP...

WHEN I SAID 'GET IT DOWN YOU', I MEANT INSIDE NOT OUT, SLOPPY!

EXPLOSIVE ACTION WHEN BUSTER DREAMS OF AN UNUSUAL BATTLE NEXT MONDAY !

Published every Monday by IPC Magazines Ltd., Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. BUSTER and GIGGLE must not be sold at more than the recommended selling price shown on the cover. Printed in England by Fleetway Printers. Sole Agents: Australia and New Zealand, Gordon & Gotch Ltd.; South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd.; Rhodesia, Zambia and Malawi, Kingstons, Ltd. Subscription rates: £2.6.0 for 12 months, £1.10.0 for 6 months. All rights reserved and reproduction without permission strictly forbidden.
—Saturday, 26th April, 1969



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